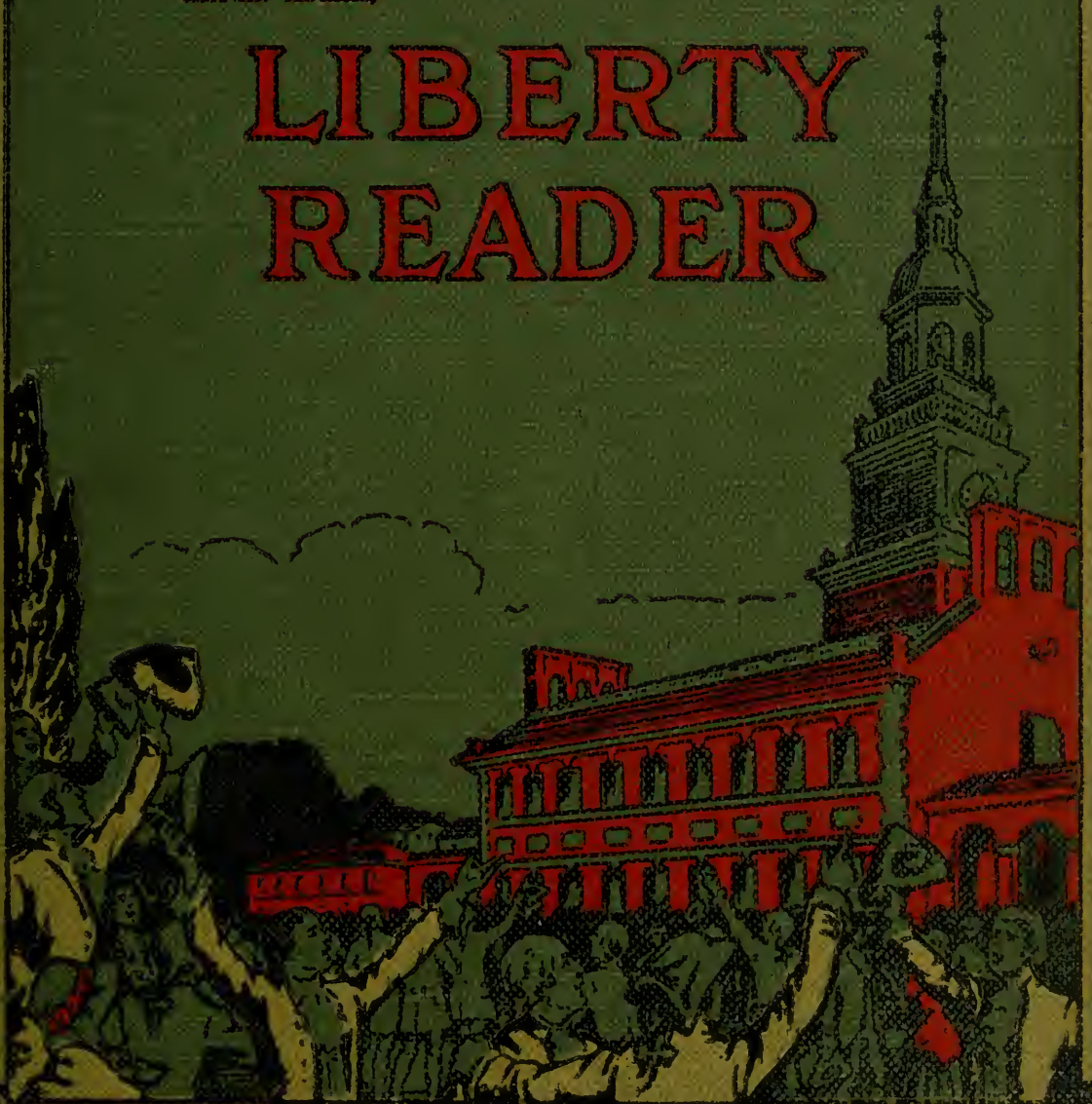
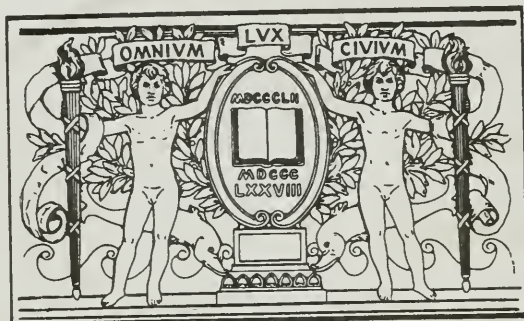




THE LIBERTY READER



BENJ. H. SANBORN & CO.



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Patrice O'Brien —
Christmas 1920.



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From painting by Marion Swinton

"BEHIND THE FIRING LINE"

A sadly bereft child of the war-zone, graphically expressive of the tragedy that war brings to innocent, helpless children.

THE LIBERTY READER

BY

BERNARD M. SHERIDAN

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS

AUTHOR OF

“SPEAKING AND WRITING ENGLISH”

BENJ. H. SANBORN & CO.

CHICAGO

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TO THE MEMORY OF
ALL THE DEAD
WHO HAVE DIED FOR LIBERTY
I REVERENTLY DEDICATE
THIS BOOK

“FOR YOU OUR DEAD BEYOND THE SEA,
WHO GAVE YOUR LIVES TO HOLD US FREE,
BY US, WHO KEEP YOUR MEMORY,
WHAT CAN BE SAID?

“WE CAN BUT HONOR, CHERISH, BLESS
YOUR SACRED NAMES; NO WORDS EXPRESS
THE MEASURE OF OUR THANKFULNESS,
TO YOU OUR DEAD.”

THE MESSAGE OF THIS LITTLE BOOK TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA

KEEPING THE FAITH

(Voices of the Soldier Dead)

“To you from failing hands we throw
The torch ; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.”

(The Youth of America Answers)

“Tell them, O Guns, that we have heard their call,
That we have sworn and will not turn aside,
That we will onward, till we win or fall,
That we will keep the faith for which they died.”

(Arranged from “In Flanders Fields” and “The Anxious Dead”
by LIEUT. COL. JOHN M’CRAE)

EDITOR'S NOTE

THE Liberty Reader was made to meet the wide-felt need of a book compiled from the literature of the war, which would be suitable for boys and girls of elementary-school age. Teachers everywhere have been alive to the duty of the school to implant in the minds and hearts of their pupils a knowledge and an appreciation of the ideals that lie behind this great war for human liberty, and to make potent as an influence in their young lives the glorious examples of heroism and sacrifice and service which have already sanctified the struggle. Until very recently all the "patriotic readers" we have had — including even those published since the beginning of the war — have been composed, in the main, of stereotyped selections familiar to school children of a generation ago. They contain little or nothing of the literature of the present war. Unfortunately for the needs of the elementary school, even the books that are now beginning to appear, made from the literature of the present war, are all beyond the capacity of elementary-school children to understand. Children of grammar-school age are not mature enough to understand and appreciate the messages and addresses of our great President — glorious as they are — or the utterances and writings of statesmen and publicists of America and Europe, because the things they deal with lie altogether too deep for children's minds to fathom.

The Liberty Reader makes its appeal straight to the feelings, imagination, and sympathies of the child. It does not seek to inform him or instruct him. It does not aim to reach

his intellect. It aims to reach his heart. With children of elementary-school age patriotism is largely a matter of the feelings. It cannot be taught them like arithmetic or grammar, nor implanted in their minds by the processes of reasoning and argument. In these early years patriotism is caught rather than taught.

The Liberty Reader, although its theme is war, does not glorify war, as war. What it glorifies are those high qualities — which somehow war reveals in an incomparable way — of courage and endurance and devotion and self-sacrifice and consecration to an ideal, which find daily expression in the spirit and conduct of “these radiant boys, full of life, full of love of home and kindred and country, consenting so willingly to die.” There is no blood or brutality or hatred in the book. Only the spiritual values of war find expression in it. The war will one day be over; but these shall endure forever.

Nothing was admitted to the pages of the Liberty Reader which in my judgment the ordinary boy or girl of thirteen or fourteen years of age cannot read and understand without much assistance or explanation from the teacher. Further than this, almost every line of the book can be read aloud without difficulty by upper grammar grade pupils of fair reading ability. Every selection was tested not only for the simplicity of its thought, but also for the simplicity of its expression. The vocabulary is exceptionally free from difficulties. This is a very important quality, in my judgment, because a book of this kind should always be read aloud. A book that *informs* may be read silently without any serious loss of its values; a book that *inspires* has its power increased in direct ratio to the number of pupils who share its message together.

This is not the kind of book to be read “out of face.” It

is not a book to be read through in fifty consecutive lessons, and then laid away on the supply-room shelf for the rest of the year. Because of its uncommon content, it deserves uncommon use. It should not be read in haste; its manifold lessons of duty and honor and chivalry should be made to stand forth in all their beauty and holiness. Nor should the selections be read in their printed order. The particular one to be read should be chosen to suit the mood or the occasion or the need. While the book is not actually divided into parts, the selections fall into two fairly distinct groups — those which have for their theme the *soldier*, and those which have for their theme the *citizen*. There should be, therefore, some measure of alternation between these two parts of the book.

The teacher should not be content, and I believe the children will not be content, with one reading of the selections. Many of them will bear reading over and over again. Some of them may well be learned by heart. This is especially true of the poetry. Especial care was taken to choose poems that were not too subjective or too subtle. They are objective rather than subjective. Some of the verses are not great poetry, by any means; but they all are marked by sincerity of sentiment. All of them express the personal note — the spirit of sacrifice and devotion which has inspired men and women to give themselves and those dearest to them to the great cause of human liberty.

One who glances through the book for the first time will be sure to miss some things which he has read elsewhere and which he loves. He may even wonder at the omission of some of them. No one realizes more fully than the editor that all the finest things are not included here. Some of them were not put into the book because, while they appeal strongly to men and women, they do not appeal to the

child, who can neither feel nor understand what the grown man or woman feels and understands. Again, it must be remembered that the *Liberty Reader* is so far almost the only book of the kind to be made wholly out of new and valuable copyright material. Some things that the editor was exceedingly desirous of including could not be used, because the owners of the copyrights were for justifiable reasons obliged to withhold their consent. But I should be most ungrateful if I did not express my profound appreciation of the generosity with which both authors and publishers, almost without exception, responded to my request for permission to reprint some of their choicest things. If the book has any merit at all; if it shall be found to contribute even in a small way to our task of lifting up the hearts of children to the thought of their country and to the holy cause for which the armies of their country are fighting, it will be due almost entirely to the generous and patriotic coöperation of the authors and publishers whose names appear in the pages that follow.

BERNARD M. SHERIDAN

LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS

July 25, 1918

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THE LIBERTY READER

A SONG FOR THE FLAG

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY

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HERE is my love to you, flag of the free, and flag of the
tried and true ;

Here is my love to your streaming stripes and your
stars in a field of blue :

Here is my love to your silken folds wherever they wave
on high,

For you are the flag of a land for which 'twere sweet for
a man to die.

* * * * *

Native or foreign, we're all as one when cometh the day
of strife.

What is the dearest gift we can give for the flag but a
human life ?

Native or foreign are all the same when the heart's
blood reddens the earth,

And, native or foreign, 'tis love like this is the ultimate
test of our worth.

Native or immigrant, here is the task to which we must
summon our powers :

Ever unsullied to keep the flag in peace as in war's wild
hours.

Selfishness, narrowness, graft, and greed and the evil
that hates the light, —

All these are foes of the flag to-day; all these we must
face and fight.

Symbol of hope to me and to mine and to all who aspire
to be free,

Ever your golden stars may shine from the east to the
western sea;

Ever your golden stars may shine, and ever your stripes
may gleam,

To lead us on from the deeds we do to the greater deeds
that we dream.

Here is our love to you, flag of the free, and flag of the
tried and true;

Here is our love to your streaming stripes and your
stars in a field of blue;

Native or foreign, we're children all of the land over
which you fly,

And, native or foreign, we love the land for which it
were sweet to die.

THE hour has come to advance at any cost and to
die where you stand rather than give way.

— *From the ORDER OF THE DAY, Sept. 6, 1914.*

THE LITTLE BLUE STAR

BY GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

THERE is a kind of star just now that is the hope of the world.

I mean the Little Blue Star that is hanging in the windows all over America.

You see it showing itself from the unpretentious out-of-the-way homes of the very poor. You see it, mute and glorious, from the stone and marble palaces of the wealthy and secure, with its background of white, and then red.

Love put the Little Blue Star there. Sacrifice gave it its last kiss. Courage told it good-by.

Sometimes there is a company of these Little Blue Stars nestling together. But the solitary Little Blue Star, hanging all alone, carries its force and meaning as deeply as though it were among hundreds.

You, who are one of the millions of passersby, salute these mute protectors of your freedom.

Every time I see you, Little Blue Star, I think of the one whom you represent, far away. Maybe now, "Over There."

And I think of the life you have so willingly given. And I think of the life that has, as willingly, given you. For mothers can't fight, but they can *GIVE*.

Soldier boy, already you are immortal.

And you, mothers, you also are to be immortal!

WHY WE ARE AT WAR

I

(From the Address of the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES on April 2, 1917, at a Joint Session of both Houses of Congress.)

RIGHT is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts — for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

II

(From an address by HON. FRANKLIN K. LANE, Secretary of the Department of the Interior.)

WE entered the war because there was no other way out of it except either to wear the yoke of the man on

horseback, or battle to preserve the liberties our fathers won through sacrifice and blood. And we have highly resolved, and pledged all that we are and all that we have, that the only government that can endure among a free people is government by consent of the governed. Such government ends the power of crowned heads. It will cost much in blood and treasure to win the war for government of the people and by the people. Our land witnessed its birth. Our land accepts the challenge. Our land will win the victory, and will establish enduring peace. There can be no peace that abides until the doctrines enunciated by Jefferson's pen and won by Washington's sword are accepted by the whole world.

III

(From a speech in the United States Senate by HON. JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS, Senator from Illinois. Adapted.)

No democracy was ever founded in any government on earth that did not have to fight to continue its existence or maintain its ideals. The test of every free land that tries out its worthiness to exist as a government of freedom has been its willingness to fight and die for its faith. Whatever riches America has amassed from her industry, whatever wealth gathered from her commerce, whatever harvests gathered from her fields, are all as but the least of offering compared to that which she brings to civilization in the gift of liberty, of justice, and of freedom, with which she has been able by her example and her power to endow mankind. Other nations have risen in triumph of power and lived

for a while in the glory of arms, but by selfish achievement they have fallen. Laying the foundation of their greatness only upon riches and wealth and the power of the sword, they have broken and melted away. They are ghosts upon the sands of the sea. Theirs was power, riches, grandeur ; much for a country — nothing for man.

George Washington fought for democracy as a right to America ; Thomas Jefferson proclaimed it as a necessity to mankind ; Lincoln made it his creed of emancipation for all colors and all climes. So too, Wilson fights for democracy as a right of the whole world. The promise of Wilson to make “the world safe for democracy” is no threat to make the world take democracy. It is but the assurance of the effort to give to the world its *chance* to take democracy. The United States does not fight to force any government to adopt our kind of government, nor does the United States fight to force any foreign people to take our form of government against any form of government they may choose for themselves. But America does fight to prevent any foreign government from preventing any land from enjoying democracy, if it so wills by the voice of its own people. And this United States fights now and will ever fight to the expenditure of its last dollar and the sacrifice of every son, rather than submit to any monarch wresting our democracy from us, to the death of our liberty and the end of our Republic.

SOLDIERS OF FREEDOM

(From an address to the members of the National Army by
PRESIDENT WILSON.)

YOU are undertaking a great duty. The heart of the whole country is with you. Everything that you do will be watched with the deepest interest and with the deepest solicitude, not only by those who are near and dear to you, but by the whole nation besides. For this great war draws all together, makes us all comrades and brothers, as all true Americans felt themselves when we first made good our national independence. The eyes of the whole world will be upon you, because you are in some special sense the soldiers of freedom.

Let it be your pride, therefore, to show all men everywhere, not only what good soldiers you are, but also what good men you are, keeping yourselves fit and straight in everything, and pure and clean through and through. Let us set for ourselves a standard so high that it will be a glory to live up to it and add a new laurel to the crown of America. My affectionate confidence goes with you in every battle and every test. God keep and guide you!



Courtesy of the American Tel. & Tel. Co.

“LAFAYETTE, WE’RE HERE”

AMERICANS have always felt a debt of gratitude to General Lafayette. Lafayette was a wealthy French nobleman, but his heart was always with the common people. Out of his own pocket he equipped ships and men and came to this country to help Washington win our independence. He said, “The moment I heard of America I loved her. The moment I knew she was fighting for freedom I burned with a desire of bleeding for her; and the moment I shall be able to serve her at any time or in any part of the world will be the happiest one of my life.” When Lafayette said that, he was but a boy of twenty. He was only just past his twenty-

fourth birthday when he took part in the concluding campaign of the Revolutionary War.

The French people also learned to love America because of the things she stood for. About forty years ago the people of France presented to the United States the Statue of Liberty, which holds aloft a large torch as if to enlighten the world.

Immediately after the United States entered the war, President Wilson directed General Pershing to proceed at once with an army to France. On his arrival in Paris, General Pershing went to the tomb of Lafayette. In the presence of a multitude which included many of the noted men of France, General Pershing placed on the tomb of the great Frenchman a wreath, and then made one of the shortest and one of the greatest speeches in history. It was only three or four words long, and was spoken so quietly that only the few officers who stood beside him heard what he said. “*Well, Lafayette, we're here.*”

A great speech may be long, like some of Daniel Webster's in the Senate. It may be short, like some of Abraham Lincoln's. What counts is the meaning behind the words, whether many or few. If General Pershing had spoken for an hour, he could not have expressed his thought with more force. To any one who knows American history he said in four words, “More than a hundred years ago you brought to America in her Revolutionary War the aid of your country; to pay that debt when your country needs help in her war with Germany, we, Lafayette, the army of the United States, are here.”

“IN THE MIDST OF THEM”

BY MARGARET BELL MERRILL

(Copyright, 1918, Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted by permission
of *Scribner's Magazine*.)

(“The Americans were greatly surprised to see a number of children
kneel in the street as the flag was carried by.” — *Cablegram from Paris*
on the arrival of the American troops.)

*(Why so patient, standing there,
Edouard and small Pierre,
Georges, Yvette, and Marie-Claire?)*

“When the troops come marching by,”
(Quoth the small Pierre)

“Mother, wilt thou lift me high,
That we see them, thou and I?”

“Mother, are they fair to see?”
(A busy tongue — Pierre.)

“Have they little boys like me,
Left at home across the sea?”
(Alas! Alas! Pierre.)

“Mother, we have waited long;”
(Long indeed, Pierre!)

“The sun has grown so hot and strong —
Surely none has done them wrong?”
(God forbid, Pierre.)

“Mother, who did send them here?”

(The gift of God, Pierre.)

“But then there is no need of fear,
And on thy cheek I see a tear —”

(The tears of hope, Pierre.)

Down the boulevard a cry —
A bugle note is flung on high —
The Stars and Stripes are passing by !

“The gift of God,” quoth small Pierre ;
His hat on breast, his curls all bare,
He knelt upon the pavement there.

*(Five young children kneeling there —
Georges, Yvette, and Marie-Claire,
Edouard and small Pierre.)*

Fairest flag of Liberty —
Carrying hope across the sea —
A little child has hallowed thee,
And made of thee a prayer !

To no man will we sell, or deny, or delay right or
justice.

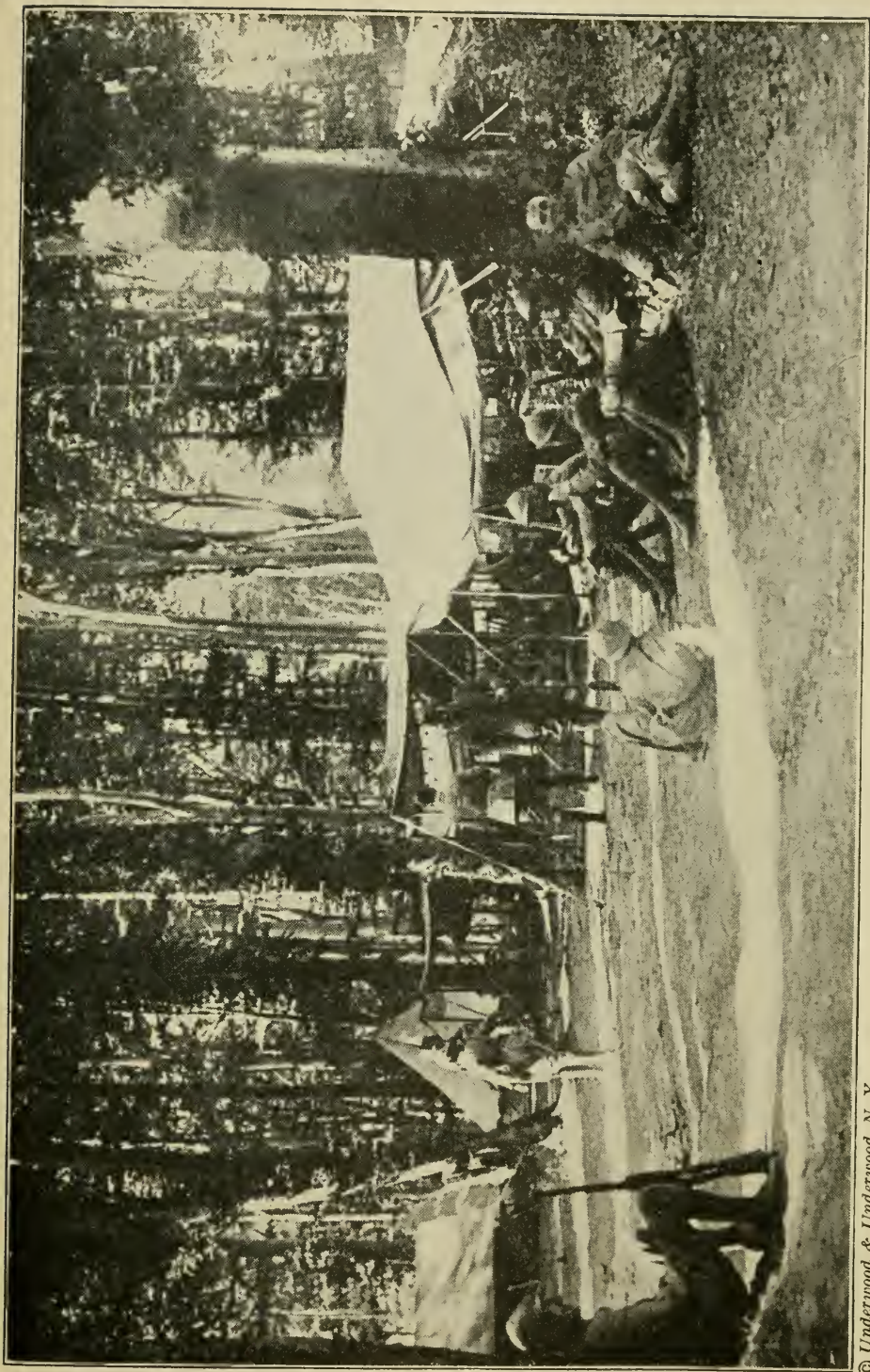
— MAGNA CHARTA, 1215.

THE FIRST TO FALL

(From the *Philadelphia Telegraph*.)

THREE graves were dug. A line of veteran poilus stood at attention, and, opposite, a guard of khaki-clad men from overseas. Three simple caskets, draped with the Stars and Stripes, were lowered reverently into the hallowed soil of France. A bugler stepped out of line and sounded "taps," the soldier's last requiem, minute guns boomed from near-by batteries and the mortal remains of the first members of the American expeditionary forces to fall in action were imbedded in the field they died to defend.

Enright, Gresham, and Hay are names that will go down in American history. Let their resting place on the field of honor be the mecca of every pilgrim patriot. Let the mounds of earth under which they lie be consecrated as the shrine of American ideals before which our sons and daughters will some day stand with bared heads. Let the spot be as well marked as it can be now. At some not far distant date, when the war is ended, a fitting shaft of granite shall bear the names of Enright, Gresham, Hay, members of the American expeditionary forces; the first to fall that "the world might be made safe for democracy."



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OUR TROOPS ENCAMPED ON THE AISNE

Hidden in this quiet wood near the front is a camp of American troops who are fighting "over there."

HOW CAN MAN DIE BETTER?

(From the *Boston Herald*, March, 1918.)

LOVE clings to its own, and there is nothing that tongue or pen can say that can lift entirely the shadow that the lengthening list of casualties among our boys over there has spread over American hearts and homes. But it is well with those who have given their lives in a just cause. It was a recognition of something very fine in human experience, something very big in human destiny, that led Macaulay, in telling how Horatius kept the bridge in the brave days of old, to write :

To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late ;
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods ?

The ashes of their fathers that our boys are dying for on the western front in France are the proud heritage of free peoples and the temples are dedicated to the high ideals of justice and righteousness. In the bravest of the brave days of old there was never opportunity to die more gloriously than these days offer in France. Happy those who glimpse the vision as they answer the call — and happy those of us, who, forced reluctantly to remain behind, see the glory of the sacrifice and find in it a compensation for the loss and an inspiration for the work that we must keep on doing.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, GREAT-HEART?

BY JOHN OXENHAM

(Courtesy of George H. Doran Co.)

*WHERE are you going, Great-Heart,
With your eager face and fiery grace? —
Where are you going, Great-Heart?*

“To fight a fight with all my might,
For Truth and Justice, God and Right,
To grace all Life with His fair Light.”
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

Where are you going, Great-Heart?
“To beard the Devil in his den;
To smite him with the strength of ten;
To set at large the souls of men.”
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

Where are you going, Great-Heart?
“To end the rule of knavery;
To break the yoke of slavery;
To give the world delivery.”
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

Where are you going, Great-Heart?
“To hurl high-stationed evil down;
To set the Cross above the crown;
To spread abroad my King’s renown.”
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

Where are you going, Great-Heart?

“To cleanse the earth of noisome things ;
To draw from life its poison-stings ;
To give free play to Freedom’s wings.”

Then God go with you, Great-Heart !

Where are you going, Great-Heart?

“To lift To-day above the Past ;
To make To-morrow sure and fast ;
To nail God’s colors to the mast.”

Then God go with you, Great-Heart !

Where are you going, Great-Heart?

“To break down old dividing-lines ;
To carry out my Lord’s designs ;
To build again His broken shrines.”

Then God goeth with you, Great-Heart !

Where are you going, Great-Heart?

“To set all burdened peoples free ;
To win for all God’s liberty ;
To ’stablish His Sweet Sovereignty.”

God goeth with you, Great-Heart !

THE SPIRIT OF '17

BY MARY HERRICK SMITH

(Courtesy of the Atlantic Monthly Press.)

EN route from Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, to Detroit, whither my husband was ordered to join his base hospital, we were delayed in Ithaca, New York. While waiting in the hotel lounge, I chanced to overhear an interesting conversation.

I had noticed a fine-looking man near me, reading the morning paper; he was distinctly the prosperous city business man, his well-kept appearance bespoke culture, money, and intelligence. While I was occupied with my speculations about him, a young man, just a boy, in fact, came in. He was a well set-up chap, with the fresh healthy skin and clear-eyed eagerness of a country lad. His clothes were good, but evidently from the general store of the small town. He carried a good-sized box, which he put across his knees as he seated himself. I knew that it was his luncheon which mother had packed.

The boy gazed all around, taking in each detail of the room and its furnishings.

After the boy had surveyed the room, he looked over at the man reading. He sat perfectly still a few minutes, then "Oh, hummed," and waited again, and fidgeted a bit; but nobody spoke. I could see that he

was fairly bursting with news of something. Finally, to the man, "Can you tell me how far it is to Syracuse, sir?"

"Well," — lowering his paper, — "not exactly, but three or four hours, I'd say. Going to Syracuse?"

"Yes, I've enlisted. I passed one examination, but I'm going to Syracuse for another and then I'm going to Spartanburg. Senator Wadsworth says, and it looks that way to me, that it is just as much our fight as theirs, and we ought to have been in it three years ago; they are getting tired over there. I'd hate to be drafted. I'd feel mean to think I had to be dragged in; besides I want to do my part. Every fellow ought to get into it."

"What part of the service did you elect?"

"The infantry, sir. I'm going to Spartanburg to the training-camp." Silence for some moments; then, showing that his bridges were burned, "I've sold my clothes; sold 'em for four dollars and I'm to send 'em back as soon's I get my uniform. I hope I don't have to wait for the soldier clothes. I think I got a good bargain and so did the fellow I sold 'em to. I thought I wouldn't need 'em while I was in the army, and when I got back they'd be all out of style; and then — I may never come back. But it was a good chance and I took it. Have you a son, sir?"

"Yes, I have a son just eighteen, at Cornell. He expects to go next year if they need him in the aviation."

"I'm just nineteen. I thought I'd better enlist. It's just possible they might draft 'em later, and I just

couldn't stand it to be drafted. Do you think I'll be able to go home for Thanksgiving?" he asked eagerly.

"I wouldn't think quite so soon. You'll hardly get there by that time."

"Well, I think I can go home for Christmas, don't you?" And a shade of anxiety crept into his tone. "I live up the road here a way, — Wellsville, you know, — about forty miles. Don't you think I'll get to Syracuse to-night if I go right on? I'd like to get through so I could be ready for work to-morrow morning. I don't want to waste any time now that I'm all ready."

The boy settled back with a look of forced patience, and the man held up his paper again; but I could see that he was not reading, and there was a look of sadness in his face.

The boy had taken from his pocket a pair of big, dark blue, home-knitted mittens. He carefully drew them on, folded his hands, thumbs up, on his luncheon-box, edged to the front of his chair, and sat thinking with eyes fixed on the far-away places of his dream. He was going over it all again; there was no haste, no excitement, but sure determination and the courage of youth suddenly turned to manhood. With a little start he came back to the present, and, rising, said, "I guess I'd better be going. You said I could get a train in about half an hour?"

"Before you go, will you tell me, my boy, why you chose the infantry?"

"Well, when you read of anything real hard that has to be done you will notice that it is always the in-

fantry that does it. They have to be strong, young fellows they can depend on for the real hard things. So I chose the infantry, sir."

There was a silence, which he broke with the quiet words, "I think I'll be going. Good-by, sir."

Springing from his chair, the man grasped the boy's hand. "God bless you, son, and good luck."

We watched him out of sight, through eyes that had in them the beginnings of tears. It was the spirit of '17 gone to the colors.

THE OTHER ARMY

BY BARTHOLOMEW F. GRIFFIN

(Courtesy of the Author.)

O'ER ruined road past draggled field,
O'er twisted stones of shaken street,
Marches an army terrible,
The army of the bleeding feet, —

Of skirted feet that now first leave
Immaculate field and kitchen floor, —
Old feet that slept beside the hearth,
Wee feet that twinkled by the door.

To strange world past the parish line
(More strange with sound and sight to-day),
Recruited fast at every hedge,
The gathering army takes its way.

Commanders? Aye, they trudge ahead, —
Not badge but babe on every breast.
The troops? They straggle at her skirt,
From tot to crone, in ranks ill-drest.

And uniformed — in rusty best
From cedarn chests and linen bags;
Ah, rough the roads and chill the winds
To sabots split and sudden rags!

Equipment? Aye, 'tis furnished well,
This army of the old and young, —
On shoulder bent a bundle small,
A doll from little fingers swung!

Almost complete — it only lacks
The battle oath and cheer and song;
Save infant fret and aged sigh,
Now dumbly marches it along.



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BELGIAN KIDDIES NEED MILITARY ESCORT TO TAKE A WALK

Belgian children who attend school taking a walk under the escort of Belgian soldiers.

CARING FOR THE ORPHAN CHILDREN OF BELGIUM

(Courtesy of the *Red Cross Magazine*.)

(The lot of the little children in the conquered countries has been a very hard one. The American Red Cross is doing splendid work for the children sent to France from the invaded countries, feeding and clothing them until they can be returned to their scattered relatives.)

EARLY one Thursday morning there gathered at the station at Liège, in Belgium, a group of children, five hundred and eighty-one of them; children largely from the mining towns in the neighborhood who had been collected by a Belgian committee. They were mostly between the ages of six and fourteen, a few younger and a few older. In their hands many of them carried little sacks, from the corners of which bulged a loaf of bread or an apple.

On that day and the next they traveled until they came to the Swiss border. There they were transferred to another train and for the next day traveled across Switzerland. The Swiss are very kind to these homeless children; chocolate, apples, bread, and all kinds of food are poured out to them as they pass across the country.

At last on Sunday morning at four o'clock the train reached the French border; it stopped for a moment and there climbed hurriedly on board two Belgian officers. To the children they were the first sign of

home; for three long years no one of these little Belgians had seen the Belgian uniform. A chorus of shrill cries, a crowd of little hands thrust up to be shaken, and one older child threw both arms around the doctor's neck and kissed him again and again, crying "Mother told me to kiss the first Belgian officer I saw."

Then for an hour or more the train rolled through the darkness of the early dawn. A little after five it slowly rumbled into the station at Evian. Out of every window there were stretched waving hands and little heads, crying, calling, cheering frantically and singing. As the train came to a stop, five Evian trumpeters began their gay fanfare of welcome, reëchoed by the shouts of the children. The children streamed from the cars and poured through the waiting room, crying greetings and holding up their hands to be shaken — little cold, damp hands — just for a touch to any one they passed. Out in the streets they were gathered in a crowd forming a sort of line and the trumpeters placed themselves at their head. A few sick ones had been carried off the train by kindly hands and placed in ambulances waiting to take them straight to the hospital.

Suddenly the trumpets blew loud and the throng of children began to move with a quick, rapid step, almost a run. In groups, in pairs, holding hands together, a little brother clinging to his sister, four or five little friends side by side, hurrying, singing shrilly all the songs they had not been allowed to sing for three long years; streaming along in the deep blue light of the

dawn, the stars sparkling above the long street down the hill, on the glistening road shining with the dampness of the night. A very little one in a blue cape and pointed cap, like a little bell with two clappers, fell in his hurry and the stream began piling up around him. Quickly he was lifted to his feet, comforted for a moment and then, clasping his preserver tightly by the hand, started on again. Other little fingers grasped the preserver's other hand, and as they all moved on he looked up and found himself a link in a group of very little ones, within their midst a tall, sweet-faced nurse in a long blue veil and cloak of the color just darker than the sky. She smiled and said "*Les pauvres petits*" (poor little tots) and the two moved slowly on together through the clear light of that early morning, towering above the children crowding around them, like shepherds among their sheep.

It was only a short walk to the casino, and the children kept on without a pause and poured into the big hall and sat down at the tables all laid with a big cup of chocolate and a piece of bread at each place for them, with all the usual pushing and crowding of hungry youngsters. The hall soon filled, every one eating and talking. Now and again some song would start and spread quickly from one side to the other, drowning every other sound, and occasionally the band in the gallery played a gay martial air. The chocolate finished, the Mayor of the town arose. It was then about 6.30 A.M., and he was in full-dress suit, with his scarf of office. He said a few hearty, friendly words, welcoming the children to France, telling them of the

world's debt to their country, and of what their pride should be in her, and wishing them every kindly thing.

The children then filed out from the hall to a room where each one's name was taken and certain facts about each recorded; then all went to the bath for a scrub while their clothes were baked for twenty minutes; then back again to pass the doctor, each and every one; and then they were led away in small squads to different parts of the town. In two hours the whole thing was finished and the children settled for a day of quiet sleep and rest before going on to Le Glandier. The next day the final stage of the journey was to begin. From Evian on the Lake of Geneva to Le Glandier in the southern central part of France is, in time of peace, a journey of some ten hours. Now it was to take the special train, provided by the French Government to carry these children, nearly forty-two hours of steady travel.

"They will never get these children all together again in time," said the chief of the expedition: "Five hundred eighty-one of them scattered all over the town!" But at one o'clock the next day the children began pouring from every street and corner of the town of Evian as if the Pied Piper had called them — little groups of children led by some older person. It was like the gathering of the clans, small but noisy. The station, when they were collected in it, sounded like a great tree full of sparrows. Three doors were opened and the children passing through were checked by name to be sure the count was right, before they reached the platform and climbed on the waiting train. Such

gentle kindness as every one showed as they handled them, those independent little waifs! They were miners' children, and town children with much of the energy and sharp wits of the gamin. The count was perfect; not one was missing. The train of eight cars, with one car reserved for the hospital and headquarters' staff and every other carrying eighty or more children, was ready. Amidst shouts and cries and songs it moved out at last and the voyage was on.

It might seem that to be packed into an uncomfortable third-class car, and with not too much to eat, would have caused these 581 to be rather subdued. Far from it. The wildest spirits prevailed. The start for a fresh-air picnic is seldom livelier. The guardians, one in each car, made desperate attempts to keep the boys from climbing out of the windows, from fighting, from overwhelming entirely the smallest ones, and at the same time to give them some fun and exercise. That noon the train stopped for half an hour and kindly people, warned in advance, brought hot coffee, bread, and chocolate for the children. Again at six o'clock the food was passed in to them through the windows from the platform; soup and sausage and bread. At about nine o'clock the lights were turned low to invite sleep. Gradually the cars quieted down. The piles of sleeping children were arranged in some comfort and order, the lonely ones comforted, the boisterous subdued, the littlest ones put up in the luggage nets, and by one o'clock the entire car slept — except the guardians. Occasionally, even then, a child had to be removed from the head of a suffocating

brother or picked up from the floor where he had rolled off on to the heater. It was a clear, cold night ; a light snow had fallen on the hills and the highlands, and the morning came up crisp and white as the trainload of sleeping children moved slowly on its way.

At four in the morning of the second day the train arrived at Pompadour.

From there the children were carried to Le Glandier and set down just outside the walls. They made their formal entrance to Le Glandier through the monastery gates, a Belgian flag at the head of the procession, the American and French flags following, proudly carried by three of the biggest boys. Singing "La Brabançonne" they came cheerfully through the portal, all the fatigues of the journey forgotten.

THE BELGIAN FLAG

BY EMILE CAMMAERTS

(Translated by LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON.)

RED for the blood of soldiers,
 Black, yellow, and red —
Black for the tears of mothers,
 Black, yellow, and red —
And yellow for the light and flame
 Of the fields where the blood is shed !

To the glorious flag, my children,
 Hark ! the call your country gives,
To the flag in serried order !
 He who dies for Belgium lives !

Red for the purple of heroes,
 Black, yellow, and red —
Black for the veils of widows,
 Black, yellow, and red —
And yellow for the shining crown
 Of the victors who have bled !

To the flag, the flag, my children,
 Hearken to your country's cry !
Never has it shone so splendid,
 Never has it flown so high !

Red for the flames in fury,
Black, yellow, and red —
Black for the mourning ashes,
Black, yellow, and red —
And yellow of gold, as we proudly hail
The spirits of the dead !

To the flag, my sons ! Your country
With her blessing “Forward” cries !
Has it shrunk ? No, when smallest,
Larger, statelier, it flies !
Is it tattered ? No, ’tis stoutest
When destruction it defies !

“IT is better to die with honor than to live in slavery.”



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CARDINAL MERCIER

From painting by T. D. Skidmore

THE STORY OF A LITTLE FRENCH REPATRIE

(From *The Delineator*. Copyright, 1918, The Butterick Publishing Co. Reprinted by permission.)

GASTON could not remember. He had spent many hours lying in his bed under the brown canvas, trying to remember, but it was not easy, because just when he thought he was going to remember, he would fall asleep. It worried him. He was eight years old; not very big yet, to be sure, but mademoiselle had called him a big boy many times, when he did his lessons with her in the big garden — especially when he did them well — and a big boy should remember things. The garden! Yes, he remembered the garden with the fruit-trees in blossom, but that was when he was a very little boy before his father went away to fight in the great war. Noella had said that doctors didn't fight, but she was only five years old, and she was wrong, because the old man who mended his boots told him that his father fought like the devil to the end — wherever that was. Yes, he remembered that, and when he told his mother she had cried.

It was growing light in the old third-class carriage where Gaston sat. He liked the dark better, because then his crutches did not show, and no one asked him how he had hurt his leg. That was what he couldn't remember, and it was very foolish. He was almost



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KIDDIES GIVEN REPAST OF BREAD AND JAM BY POILU

These three youngsters look and are mighty happy. They have just finished a most excellent repast of bread and jam, the gift of a passing poilu.

glad that Noella was not there to laugh. In the hospital he had just pretended he was a soldier and had been hurt in the war, because the captain in the next bed had a very short leg like his. One day when the doctor asked him how he lost his leg, he thought he would just say what the old man had said about his father; but he never did it again, because every one laughed, and the nurse who changed his bandage called him her "little soldier devil." It had been a mistake.

It was now light enough to see the other people. The old woman next to Gaston was awake, and did not lean against him any more, for which he was very thankful. She was very dirty, and had so many bundles wedged in all about herself and Gaston. He had only one small bundle under the seat, but that was all he needed. He would soon be home. The soldier at the hospital had told him that he was going home. He could see the country now. The dirty old woman had been good and let him sit by the window, so when the train went slowly he could see many things very close. It did not look like any country he had ever seen before, but then the farthest he had ever gone had been to Rouen with his father. He remembered that because his mother had read him all about Jeanne d'Arc, and he had seen the statue of her on her wonderful horse. He had not liked the horse very well, because it stood on three legs and no horse can stand that way very long. Jacques, who took care of his father's horse, had told him that. Jacques had said, "You cannot stand on one leg very long. How can a horse stand on three?" It was true.

Now it was very bright in the carriage; the sun was shining on the fields, and the high, high hills Gaston could see looked very blue. The train was moving very slowly, in fact stopped for a moment, and close by the track, right in front of Gaston's eyes, was a little garden by a poor farmhouse and in the garden path stood an old, dilapidated doll's carriage, and a little girl was putting her doll carefully into the seat. Gaston looked hard for a second, and then all the hills seemed to be moving and Gaston remembered.

He closed his eyes tight and sat very still, so as not to forget. It was the doll's carriage that had told him. He remembered it all. His mother had gone to see his dear granny in the next village. Granny was getting old, and had been very sick since father went away. And Noella and mademoiselle and he had been playing in the garden. Gaston was father, and Noella was mother, and mademoiselle was granny, and Noella's two funny little dolls had been the children. And they were just going to take them to ride in the carriage when the siren whistle went off. Gaston remembered just how it sounded now, and they were at the very end of the long garden. Mademoiselle said, "Run, quick, to the cellar," and she had run with Noella in her arms, and Gaston had laughed because he got there first. They had done it so often, and mademoiselle was so fat and could not run very fast, and they always sat in the dark in the cellar and ate nice milky bars of chocolate which mother kept in a little box in the very farthest corner, until the siren whistle blew again and they could go out and play.

You could get to the cellar from the house too, down some funny winding stairs and down a ladder which Gaston loved. He remembered how they went into the cellar, and how mademoiselle was anxious because Marie did not come from the house. And she left them, saying, "Now you be a brave boy, and take care of Noella while I find Marie. She may be asleep, the stupid thing, and the whistle is long." And she went up the ladder. Then Noella began to cry, because there was a big noise and she wanted her dolls and the carriage; the dolls would surely get hurt. And Gaston remembered how he thought of his fast running, and then he scrambled out of the cellar, and ran as fast as he could down the garden path. He could see the carriage with dolls in it, and then came a terrible noise in his head, and when the noise ended he woke up in a strange room with queer smells.

The train was moving again. Gaston opened his eyes; yes, he could remember with them open now.

They all talked at once. Gaston's head whirled and his eyes swam with tears. It was terrible, after all, this remembering, because now where was he going and where were Noella and mother? The kind lady tried to comfort him. At Evian, where they would leave the train, he would be cared for; perhaps he would find his mother there. He must be brave, like the men of France.

And then the train slowed down, and Gaston heard cheering. "*Vive la France! Vive la France!*" the people called, and then the train stopped, and Gaston saw a platform crowded with people like those in the

carriage, all shouting and crying. Gaston found his bundle, and stood upon his crutches waiting his turn in the passageway. He saw through the window a woman on the platform dressed something like a soldier, with a belt and a strap over her shoulder and a red cross on her hat, not like the nurses he had seen at the stations, but quite different. She was helping the people off the train and saying kind things, Gaston thought, from the sound of her voice, though he could not understand. And he hoped she would help him, and she did. As he came to the steps of the car, she was right there to steady his crutches. She was smiling, but her eyes, Gaston saw, were full of tears. And answering the question in Gaston's big dark eyes, she said in French, "I am from the American Red Cross, and you are a soldier of France returning wounded from the war." Then she laughed through her tears. Then Gaston laughed and said, "No, I remember all about it now," and as she slipped her arm under his crutch to walk beside him in the crowd, he told her all he had remembered.

So into the crowd of hundreds of French repatries little Gaston and the American slowly made their way. The street was lined with people, and when Gaston learned that there were other people like himself looking for their families and friends they had lost, his dark eyes began eagerly to scan the faces as he passed. It was just by the little church, Gaston will never forget that, when he heard his name, and looked into his mother's eyes. And he will always remember another thing, that he proved Jacques wrong. He *did* stand

on one leg quite comfortably, for after a long time when his mother stopped kissing him, he saw his dear little granny and Noella standing close by, hugging his crutches, and granny was crying and Noella did not laugh.

THE RED CROSS SPIRIT SPEAKS

BY JOHN FINLEY

WHEREVER war, with its red woes,
Or flood, or fire, or famine goes,

There, too, go I ;

If earth in any quarter quakes
Or pestilence its ravage makes,

Thither I fly.

I kneel behind the soldier's trench,
I walk 'mid shambles' smear and stench,

The dead I mourn ;

I bear the stretcher and I bend

O'er Sammie, Pierre, and Jack to mend

What shells have torn.

I go wherever men may dare,

I go wherever woman's care

And love can live,

Wherever strength and skill can bring

Surcease to human suffering,

Or solace give.

* * * * *

The cross which on my arm I wear,

The flag which o'er my breast I bear,

Is but the sign

Of what you'd sacrifice for him

Who suffers on the hellish rim

Of war's red line.

THE WAR-SCHOOLS OF FRANCE

FRANCE has been at war for more than three years. Soldiers have been called out from all the cities, towns, and villages to take part in the terrible battles, — thousands and thousands of soldiers. Women in equal numbers are acting as nurses and doing the men's work at home. All the usual things have been changed to fit the new demands, — all things but one. For the French government has ordered that the work of teaching the boys and girls to become good and wise men and women must go on. And this is so because sometime peace will return and then the most important thing in all the world will be the intelligence of the young people who are growing up. No matter how near the battlefield the towns may be, no matter how wrecked they may be by bombs and shells, the schools must be kept going. But how? Well, this is how it is done in the old city of Rheims where half the fine buildings have been destroyed by cannon-shot and there is always danger of more firing. Before the war, there were in this city great warehouses for storing the casks of wine and under each one a cellar like the cellar under a large American schoolhouse. These have been made stronger by doubling the thickness of the walls, the desks and chairs have been put in, the teachers' tables and the blackboards set up. Fresh air comes in through holes in the ceiling. Flowers, plants, and flags dec-

orate the rooms and kerosene lamps light them all day long. And there the faithful teachers hold their classes and the brave boys and girls do their work.

In the past three years there have been many days when the children have gathered in the underground schoolrooms and listened to the heavy roar of bursting shells in the streets. They have seen the German soldiers come into the city and then their own French troops return after the great battle of the Marne. They have stayed at home on extra holidays because of the storm in the streets, — not a storm of rain or snow such as closes an American school for a day, but one of bombs that made the streets too dangerous. And then they have gone back, past the ruined shops and houses, to their safe school-cellars. They have worn masks, like the soldiers, when the shells have poured out smoke and gas through the city. They have something to write about in their composition classes, these boys and girls of France! One boy, Lecoq Raymond, has written about a bombardment while he was at breakfast, about the sharp reports of the falling shells, the crashing houses, and the yellow fog everywhere. He had to go into the cellar under the house and stay there for an hour. The following day, he took up his work again. "For my part," he wrote in his theme, "I took my school satchel and went off to school, where I tried to work hard so as to obtain the diploma as a reward of my efforts." We may be sure that he received it when the time came around.

This is the spirit that makes a great nation, and no

nation has ever been braver or finer than the French Republic, so like our own in many ways. The French soldiers have fought and suffered with the highest devotion. The French teachers and the French children of all ages and sizes have made another kind of fight, just as noble and devoted as that of the army, to maintain the high standard of French education.

For the teachers and the scholars of the United States there is a wonderful message in this record of the war-schools of France. Here the streets are safe, the buildings free from the attack of artillery, the school-rooms lighted by the sun. We hope and believe that so they will always be. And those who work and study in them, appreciating their happy fortune, and inspired by the example of the schools of Rheims, will strive all the harder to be worthy of their brothers and sisters in suffering France.

“WHOSO lives for honor must know how to die for the universal good.”

LETTERS FROM THE MAIDENS OF FRANCE TO THE GIRLHOOD OF AMERICA

(Extracts from letters brought back to America by DR. JOHN FINLEY, Commissioner of Education for the State of New York. Courtesy of the *Red Cross Magazine*.)

I

(From a young girl of Lorraine.)

OVER the perilous ocean the winds of spring have breathed. From America they bring us your words of friendship and of hope; from France they will bear to you thanks from us all for the generous support which the American nation has freely offered to us at the summons of your glorious President.

Your touching words have expressed the feelings of your noble country. Your pride is our pride; we are happy to have seen hope come true, to have by our side a power as loyal as that of great America. I already know your fair country, for my uncles and my aunts who live there have told me of the welcome they received with you when they left their dear homeland. So our heart sings with yours, and it will be our great joy soon to sing with you the hymn of victory.

The entry of the United States into the war has lighted up our souls with the pure ray of hope. Glory be to you! Already in the trenches our soldiers fight with a fresh ardor; they see through the lifting mists

your great ships advancing toward our own dear France.

In a more peaceful future you will visit our country ; for you the thistle of Lorraine will put forth fairer flowers and will soften the sharp points of its leaves ; we shall offer it to you in all its purple splendor, and its honeyed perfume will be the incense arising to you from a l Lorraine.

II

(From the girls of the primary high school at Bar-Le-Duc.)

We most sincerely wish that these few words may tell you, dear and distant friends, with what joy we received the graceful token of your sympathy.

May the Atlantic, which caresses the shores both of America and of France, bear to you our grateful thanks ! Thanks for having thought of our sorrow, and for having wished to unite your own tears and fears with ours. Thanks above all to you, who in the tenderness and ardor of your girlish souls, have found sincere and heart-moving words in which to tell us so.

In your charming letter you reminded us that nature is gay and smiling. In France also the sky is blue, but it trembles with echoes of the great battle ; roses bloom, but they cling to the crumbling walls of our ruined houses, or to the rude wooden crosses on the narrow graves of our heroes, and amid the spring clouds float the light puffs of shells.

You can never know how one loves one's country when it is mutilated, nor with what fervor one blesses those who take up its cause. That is why, dear girl

friends, this springtime has seemed to us sweeter and fairer because it has brought us the mighty aid of alliance with your noble country.

The same ships which to-day are braving the seas to bring your relatives and brothers to France, had long since taught us to love your country's name. They had already brought us a share of your friendship: our little refugees are playing with your toys, their clothing is sewed by your hands.

Our joy is now complete, our confidence strong, for on the not distant days of victory, beside our tricolored flag we shall see waving the dear banner which will have shed upon earth the stars of beauty and of hope.

“IT was only a little river, almost a brook; it was called the Yser. One could talk from one side to the other without raising one's voice, and the birds could fly over it with one sweep of their wings. And on the two banks there were millions of men, the one turned toward the other, eye to eye. But the distance which separated them was greater than the stars in the sky; it was the distance which separates right from injustice.

“The ocean is so vast that the sea-gulls do not dare to cross it. During seven days and seven nights the great steamships of America, going at full speed, drive through the deep waters, before the lighthouses of Europe come into view; but from one side to another the hearts are touching.”

— *From a letter by ODETTE GASTINEL, a schoolgirl of France.*

IN THE HOSPITAL

(From "The Glory of the Trenches" by LIEUT. CONINGSBY DAWSON.
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I AM in hospital in London, lying between clean white sheets and feeling, for the first time in months, clean all over. At the end of the ward there is a swinging door; if I listen intently in the intervals when the gramophone isn't playing, I can hear the sound of bath-water running — running in a reckless kind of fashion as if it didn't care how much was wasted. To me, so recently out of the fighting and so short a time in "Blighty," it seems the finest music in the world. For the sheer luxury of the contrast I close my eyes against the July sunlight and imagine myself back in one of those narrow dugouts where it isn't the thing to undress, because the row may start at any minute.

Up and down the ward, with swift precision, nurses move softly. They rarely notice us as individuals. They ask no questions, show no curiosity. They work day and night with a forgetfulness of self which equals the devotion of the soldiers they are tending. They are always doing, but they can never do enough. It's the same with the surgeons. I know of one who during a great attack operated for forty-eight hours on end, and finally went to sleep where he stood from utter weariness.

Two faces especially loom out. I can always see them by lamplight, when the rest of the ward is hushed and shrouded, stooping over some silent bed. One face is that of the colonel of the hospital, gray, concerned, pitiful, stern. His eyes seem to have photographed all the suffering which in three years they have witnessed. He's a tall man, but he moves softly. Over his uniform he wears a long white operating smock—he never seems to remove it. And he never seems to sleep, for he comes at all hours of the night to bend over the more serious cases. He seems haunted by a vision of the wives, mothers, sweethearts, whose happiness is in his hands.

The other face is that of a Sister. She's very tall, very pale and golden with wide brows and big gray eyes. I wonder what she did before she went to war—for she's gone to war just as truly as any soldier. Now she's ivory-white with overservice and spends all her days in loving. Her eyes have the old frank, innocent look, but they're ringed with being weary. Only her lips hold a touch of color; they have a childish trick of trembling when any one's wound is hurting too much. She's the first touch of home that the stretcher-cases see when they've said good-by to the trenches. She moves down the ward; eyes follow her. When she is absent, though others take her place, she leaves a loneliness. Over many dying boys she stoops as the incarnation of the woman whom, had they lived, they would have loved. To all of us she stands for the divinity of womanhood.

What sights she sees and what words she hears!

Yet the pity she brings to her work preserves her sweetness. In the silence of the night those who are delirious re-fight their recent battles. You're half-asleep, when in the darkened ward some one jumps up in bed, shouting, "Hold your bloody hands up." He thinks he's capturing a Hun trench, taking prisoners in a bombed-in dugout. In an instant, like a mother with a frightened child, she's bending over him. And soon she has coaxed his head back on the pillow.

THE SOLDIER OF THE SILENCES

BY WILLIAM HERSCHELL

(Courtesy of the *Indianapolis News*.)

SWEET Soldier of the Silences! You who, in garb of
white,

You who, from Lens and Verdun, bring our bullet-
battered men

To feel the magic of your touch and make them whole
again;

In you we lay a master-faith and pledge that faith anew
As each day makes more glorious the martyrdom of you.

Sweet Soldier of the Silences! You've left your all
behind

To make the sad become the glad: to comfort, soothe,
and bind.

While others calmly slumber you must ever be alert
To catch the slightest murmur that reveals a restless
hurt.

How calm you are in trying hours, how glad you are
to share

Another's pain and with your smile make pain less hard
to bear.

Sweet Soldier of the Silences! Adown the long white
aisle

You tiptoe all unmindfully of hour or day or mile ;
A bandage here, a tuck-in there, a drink, a touch of
hand
That only soldiers such as ours have soul to understand.
Your Red Cross emblem they'll defend through stress
of time and tide ;
It is God's goodness manifest — Old Glory sanctified !

MEN from old time have died for the faith they held,
and men have died for dreams. I know no faith, no
dream better worth dying for than this for which you
gave your life, the dream of human freedom. It is
our race pride that a passion for liberty was kindled
early in our remotest forebears ; there is no nobler
task than keeping this divine spark alive upon the
human hearth. In my moments of insight I know that
life has no greater boon than a chance to die for one's
faith, and you have died for this. I would not take
from you, even if I could, your hour of glory, your
great hour of death.

— *From "The Worn Doorstep" by MARGARET SHERWOOD.*
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“JACK”

(From “Trench Pictures From France” by MAJ. WILLIAM REDMOND, brother of John Redmond, the late lamented Irish leader. Maj. Redmond was killed in action, June, 1917. Courtesy of George H. Doran Co.)

WHEN he exactly arrived, or from where, nobody seemed to know. We were all agreed, however, that he was a very smart-looking little fox-terrier — well bred and well marked. He had probably belonged to some officer and had got lost. The battalion first made his acquaintance one morning as the men were drawn up in columns of fours waiting to march off to the next village. Jack — as he was promptly christened — trotted into sight, and, seeing the battalion drawn up, sat down on his tail and calmly surveyed what was going on in the street.

The men took a fancy to Jack at once, and whistled and shouted at him. The dog got up and gravely strolled along as though he had made up his mind to inspect the men. He went to the front of the column and looked at the colonel, and surveyed the band. He went to the rear of the column and made the acquaintance of the second-in-command, and then, as if he had thoroughly made up his mind, he attached himself to B Company. This choice he probably made because company sergeant-major of B Company had stooped down, and, patting him, cheerfully said, “Hello,

Jack, and how are you to-day?" Of course nobody really knew the little dog's name, but when Sergeant Brady called him Jack, "Jack" he remained until he finally disappeared in the mist and smoke of one terrible day on the Somme.

From the date of his arrival Jack never left the battalion, nor, indeed, B Company. After a while he was provided with a collar, bright green in color. If ever there was a pure-bred English fox-terrier, Jack undoubtedly was one; but having joined, so to speak, an Irish battalion, he graciously submitted to the green color, though, indeed, it was as often as not covered with the mud through which he cheerfully trotted as his company marched along. The company sergeant-major and the little dog became fast friends; though Jack, being probably an old soldier, thoroughly understood the advantage of being on good terms also with the company quartermaster, whose store he promptly made the acquaintance of in every village where the battalion found billets.

It was extraordinary how the presence of this little animal cheered up the men. He never missed a parade, and even early on the cold and bitter mornings Jack was always present, always cheery and "merry and bright," as the men used to remark. Wherever Jack was met with, it might be assumed that the company sergeant-major was not far off. Just as we read in the "Cricket on the Hearth," that whenever people met the carrier's dog, Boxer, on the road, they always looked out for John Peerybingle himself; so, whenever any one saw Jack trotting round the street of a village,

somewhere in France, it became a certainty that Sergeant Brady was close at hand. Just too as Boxer used to drop into houses along the road, so Jack did the same, always with an air, however, of friendly politeness, as of one who should say to the inmates, “There are a lot of Irish soldiers coming along, but you need not mind them; they are good fellows all, and you should come out and hear the pipes!”

Sometimes the battalion returned to the same villages, and then Jack was hailed as an old friend by lots of the inhabitants. In marching through the streets of some considerable town, Jack and his green collar gained quite as much attention as the stately regimental sergeant-major, or even the colonel himself at the head of the battalion, and many were the exclamations of interest and admiration showered upon him, particularly by the children, as he trotted along. The little chap never seemed to tire, even on the longest march, and he always found time to get off the road and scamper through the fields at each side with a businesslike air, as much as to say, “If there is a rabbit to be had, it might come in handy.”

Once, when the battalion was drawn up ready to march out of the village, Jack was not to be found, and there was great anxiety in the company. When the captain came out to inspect his men prior to marching off, it was with a real note of trouble in his voice that the sergeant, after announcing “all present,” declared that Jack was not to be discovered. Then the captain exhibited signs of trouble too, and ordered a search to be made in the billets. Later on, after he

had been released from an old stable, the door of which had been unknowingly closed upon him, Master Jack was received with cheers; and, having jumped upon the sergeant by way of explaining his absence and apologizing for it, he scampered off according to custom to have a word with the colonel, see the band, and then back, so that the second-in-command in the rear might know that, as far as he, Jack, was concerned, everything was all right!

The battalion's days of billeting in French villages and walking along country roads soon came to an end, and the grim life in the trenches commenced. Jack went to the trenches too — always with B Company; and though clearly puzzled by the absence of landscape, the little dog still kept "merry and bright" and followed the sergeant everywhere. Once he got — how, nobody could tell exactly — over the top, and was discovered sitting on a sandbag calmly surveying No Man's Land. He was hurriedly pulled down, and not a moment too soon, for several rifle bullets came thudding unpleasantly close to where he had been.

The rats were his special and particular interest, and from one end of the trench to the other he declared war on them, and many a one he brought in triumph to lay at the feet of his friend the sergeant. The writer of these lines (for, be it understood, this is a true narrative) once asked the sergeant whether he kept Jack with him in his dugout at night. "Lord bless you, sir! No, sir! Jack has a dugout of his own! I'll show you, sir." With a smile the sergeant walked along the trench till he came to a great niche or indenta-

tion in the side, where rifle ammunition was stored. Two of the boxes had been removed in the center, and in the hole thus made, with some sandbags underneath, Jack was discovered comfortably curled up: a quaint and curious picture, making one long for a kodak; the little dog, with his brown eyes peering out from a bed banked all round with boxes of cartridges! That was his sleeping place by night.

When the sergeant went for a little rest, Jack, so to speak, bid him good night and trotted along to his own little nest amidst the explosives! Every morning, however, at “stand-to,” Jack was on duty, and usually accompanied the officer who superintended the serving out of tots of rum to the men.

As to meals, Jack bestowed his company impartially. One day he had breakfast with one platoon and the next day with another, but wherever he went he never lacked offers of hospitality, and the men laughed as they noticed that life in the trenches made their little pet fat. The day finally arrived when the battalion marched to the Somme and took part in an advance. Jack was with them to the end; but, like so many of his friends amongst the men, he never returned out of the smoke and turmoil of that terrible day. He was, after all, it is true, only a wee little animal, but nevertheless he truly “did his bit,” and cheered the men many a day in trench and along the weary road of march. Jack is gone, but there are some men still left who remember him, and any of them would think little or nothing of settling a Hun; but not a single one of them would ever agree that a pet dog should be put to death.

THE DIARY OF TWO RED CROSS DOGS

BY JULIA M. SLOANE

(Courtesy of the *Red Cross Magazine*.)

(Rags and Tags are two silver-haired Yorkshire terriers living in California. They are twins and live together in greater harmony than most brothers. Rags is handsomer, more a man of the world than Tags, but Tags has a finer nature and a very appealing face.

When the excitement roused by Germany's submarine declaration directed so many people's thoughts toward what they could do to help the Red Cross, the terriers' owners made little boxes with red crosses and fastened them to the dogs' collars. They encouraged the dogs to show their one trick of sitting up side by side. It succeeded very well and many dimes and nickels, even larger coins, went into the boxes. It isn't only the actual money they have collected that counts, but the friends they have made for themselves and for the Red Cross that have added something worth while.)

WE'VE never kept a diary before, but our master, Billie, writes in a little book every night and we thought we would try, because a lot of interesting things keep happening to us. Every one says we are smart, so we ought to be able to do a little simple thing like that. We won't bother about the weather, but just put down the important things.

We've always enjoyed life, especially when we can ride in the motor. We like the way the wind blows in our whiskers and it's exciting to see dogs on the sidewalk, and sometimes we even see cats. When we wait



© Committee on Public Information

UNCLE SAM TRAINS HIS DOGS OF WAR

The dogs shown in this official photograph are being trained as war dogs at Camp Kearney, California.

by the sidewalk for our big master, people often talk to us and pat us, and it's all very friendly.

One day last winter something happened that we don't quite understand, but it has to do with a man called "Uncle Sam" and a man called the Kaiser. Next morning my big master put little white boxes with red crosses painted on them round our necks before we started down town. They were most unpleasant and in the way, but we couldn't do anything about it — at least, not then.

When we stopped by the sidewalk my mistress opened a package which we were glad to see held graham crackers and sugar. We sat on the back of the machine and begged her to give us some at once. Then an odd thing happened. People began to put jingling things into the holes in our boxes. When that happened we got an extra piece of sugar. I heard my mistress say to my master when he came out of the bank: "They got \$2.00 while you were gone."

That is how it started, and now we've explained, we can go on with the diary.

February 14. Had a bath, which we detest. Every one said we looked lovely. Wore our new boxes (we had chewed up our old ones as they annoyed us). Our mistress had graham crackers again, and we sat up as soon as the car stopped, hoping she would give us some. A good many people spoke to us, and put what our mistress calls money into our boxes. One man with a smile put in such a big round thing that it almost stuck.

One pretty black-haired girl came out of a store and

said could she please love us six cents' worth? We liked her a lot, and she can pat us whenever she likes. There is a traffic officer who is our friend. We like him, too. He knows about dogs. People with dogs of their own are the ones who put money into our boxes. We thank them all, and we'd like to know their dogs.

Our picture was in the paper, and people call us the Red Cross Dogs. You can see that it is all so interesting that we will just have to keep a diary.

February 15. A young man stopped by the motor to-day and said, "You two puppies cost me \$1.25 yesterday. I saw you, and had to join the Red Cross and buy a pin." A smiley man told us about his sister's Angora cats that brought up eighty kittens. We did wish we could have a chance at them! We have never caught a cat, but we hope to some day; we never get tired trying. Begging is hard work. The sun is hot, and our backs get rather limp, but we are going to do our best.

February 16. We didn't wear our boxes to-day because our masters — our real little masters — had entered us in a pet show at their school. Were you ever in a pet show? It's very unpleasant, no shade to speak of, and all kinds of silly little puppies yapping, and parrots screeching, and kittens miauling — we can't get near them, of course. It made us very nervous. We were glad to get our blue ribbon and go home. We felt very tired indeed and slept all the rest of the day.

February 17. We went to see a lady who writes

about dogs to-day. We all went, our little masters and our big master and mistress. We liked her ever so much, and we'd trust her always. We sat in her lap and looked at a picture of her dog who is like us, only handsomer. She gave us each a little envelope with \$1.50 in it, so Saturday was a good day! It was a great rest to our backs, too!

February 23. To-day a man talked to us a great deal and showed us the picture of his dog, which he carries always in his cigarette case.

When we got home, our mistress had a caller and though we aren't allowed in the drawing-room, we slipped in while they were talking and sat up in front of her and she gave us one whole crackling dollar. My mistress says that we can't do that often, because if we do, no one will come to see her! We don't quite understand, because it seemed to us a great success. (A few days later Tags ran off by himself and privately collected fourteen cents.)

February 24. We don't beg Sundays, and to-day it has rained so hard that we couldn't go out. We were crazy to go, because we had a letter in the morning saying that we are real members of the Red Cross. We feel rather proud and are practicing sitting up without any crackers or sugar or anything.

March 8. We know it isn't nice to be proud, and we are trying not to be, but we have just sent our personal check to the Red Cross for \$10 and another \$10 to the ambulance corps, and it does give us a perfectly lovely feeling all the way from our ears to our tails.

You see, when you have to sit up on the end of your backbone and wave your paws in the air for every single nickel, it gives you a little excuse to be proud.

That isn't quite true about the nickels. We've had several wonderful things happen. Our mistress had a dinner party and some pretty ladies in shiny dresses loved us a good deal. We were disgracefully dirty, because the boys had bad colds in their heads and couldn't wash us, but the party didn't mind. One nice lady, especially, didn't mind. She carried us around in the most comfortable way under her arm wherever she went, and let us sit on her silky lap and fed us sugar from her coffee, and gave us a whole dollar, though we weren't even wearing our boxes, and all we meant when we sat up was for her please to pet us some more. We suppose we won't spend another evening like that ever again; such wonderful things don't happen to ordinary dogs often. We suppose those little lapdogs are so accustomed to it that they don't half enjoy it, but we aren't that kind.

March 9. We haven't been very well. Our noses were hot and we had to take some medicine, and couldn't beg for a day or two. We are all right again now, and can go out in the motor next week, if it doesn't rain. There is a pretty lady with red hair, who had spent all her money except one nickel for carfare, who has promised to look for us, and we want to be there when she does.

Sunday, March 11. It is a lovely day, which means that we will have to have a bath. We don't like baths. We have some sympathy with cats when they put us

in the laundry tubs. We shiver and shiver, and look just as drowned and wretched as we know how, but it doesn't do any good. The boys do their best, but nothing could make it a pleasant job. Sitting on the register, cuddled up in a blanket, isn't bad, and being combed is rather pleasant. We hope to look nice the next time we go down town, for the last day we were out some one said, "Why don't they comb you?"

FOR who would not admire the virtue of those men, who resolutely embarked in their galleys and quitted country and home, rather than receive foreign law. . . . Yes; the Athenians of that day looked not for an orator or a general, who might help them to a pleasant servitude; they scorned to live, if it could not be with freedom. For each of them considered that he was not born to his father or mother only, but also to his country.

— DEMOSTHENES (338 B.C.).

THE MEANING OF OUR RED CROSS

BY DR. H. N. MACCRACKEN

(President American Junior Red Cross Society.)

THE red in our cross stands for sacrifice, for giving life, as the warm, crimson blood gives life to the body. The cross has the same length on all four sides of its arms, to signify that it gives life equally to all, high or low, east or west. It stands alone always, no words or markings on it, to show that the Red Cross workers have only one thought — to serve. They ask no questions, they care not whether the wounded be ours or of another people — their duty is to give, and to give quickly.

The Red Cross stands on a white ground, 'because real sacrifice can come only from pure hearts. Service must come, not from hate, but from love; from the noblest thoughts and wishes of the hearts, or it will fail. That is why children love this flag. It is drawing them by millions in the schools of our land, in a wonderful army of rescue under the President, to make, to save, to give for others. And some day the children of all lands, under the Red Cross, will teach the grown people the ways of understanding and of friendship; the beautiful meaning of the Red Cross which is echoed in their lives.

THE RED CROSS NURSES

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

OUT where the line of battle cleaves
The horizon of woe,
And sightless warriors clutch the leaves,
The Red Cross nurses go.
In where the cots of agony
Mark death's unmeasured tide —
Bear up the battle's harvestry —
The Red Cross nurses glide.

Look! Where the hell of steel has torn
Its way through slumbering earth,
The orphaned urchins kneel forlorn
And wonder at their birth.
Until, above them, calm and wise,
With smile and guiding hand,
God looking through their gentle eyes,
The Red Cross nurses stand.

SAVING FOR FRANCE

(Courtesy of *The Delineator*. Copyright, 1918, The Butterick Publishing Co. Reprinted by permission.)

FRANCE is thousands of miles away. And yet sometimes it seems very near. At night it does, when you dream of a khaki-clad uncle who went away in December. At night you seem to see him smile at you as he sits up in his hospital bed at Boulogne, with the blue bag you made for him in his hands, putting mother's letters away in it, because it is the only trunk and cupboard or closet that he has.

And sometimes it seems very near when a letter comes in by the post with the black mark, "Censored" stamped across it. The letter is from Paul, aged ten.

"My very dear friend," it reads. "My sister and I thank you with all the grace of our hearts. We are so happy since your kindness came to France. The cape from your hands to little Etienne is quite her size and now that it is so cold it makes every difference, dear American. We feed the fire with very little coal this winter and it is not warm. Etienne sleeps with her cape around her. It is so different to know that America is near. We laugh greatly now and thank you."

It was in the summer holidays nearly four years ago that the war came. Schools close in France on

the last day of July. Two days after that the war that has since come to be America's war, broke out.

Some one who knows little Etienne remembers how it happened. She was eating her bread and milk on the doorstep looking down the long French road with the poplar trees swinging their leaves gently in the wind, when her father came home from the village — there were two or three men with him who hurried on to their own homes. He was very grave and his voice was deep and thrilling when he told her that the news was posted outside the Mayor's office — A German army had crossed the Belgian frontier!

A month later Etienne and her brother saw their father march away in the blue uniform of France! They never saw him again. He died that first winter, when one frosty night, with the woolen scarf wrapped round his head that little Etienne had knitted for his Christmas bag, he went out to cut the maze of barbed wire the Germans had strung up between the trenches out in No Man's Land. He was brave and if the wires had to be cut he was ready and willing; but a shell fired into the night had shown this hero's shadow moving forward snapping the cruel wires, and another shell shattered the arms that had so often rocked Etienne to sleep.

Since the autumn of that first year, French school-rooms have not been the quiet places of other years. No matter how still the afternoon, always the sound of cannon can be heard. Fathers and grandfathers and uncles and brothers have gone, and even mother

who used to smile in the doorway is away from home working in the munition mill.

No, life is not like that for us yet ; but if French and American boys and girls are to be helpers and friends, they must do now everything that they can together. Like the schools of France, American schools must save. The Minister of Education is prouder of the three million francs that came in the first two years of the war — heaping piles of sous from little earthenware banks, put on the teachers' desks — than of any other sacrifice.

"I know," writes a boy in the eighth grade in New York, "how we can help. We can save and ask our fathers to save."

Save they certainly did in the schools of Picardy, the schools along the Mediterranean, down in the mountains of the Pyrenees. And save American schools in Montana, Louisiana, Maine, all over the country, certainly will.

A TEN-YEAR-OLD HEROINE

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON

(Courtesy of *The Delineator*. Copyright, 1918, The Butterick Publishing Co. Reprinted by permission.)

WHEN I arrived in France in May, a little girl of ten had just been decorated by the President of the Republic. Her father, the village baker, had made one of those lightning changes from citizen to soldier, and her mother had died a few weeks before. She was an only child. The bakery had supplied not only the village but the neighboring Inn, which had been a favorite lunching-place for automobile parties. Traveling for pleasure stopped abruptly when the war began; but as the road that passed the Inn was one of the direct routes to the front, it still had many hasty calls upon its hospitality.

Now, bread-making in France is a science, the work of the expert, not of the ordinary housewife. The accomplished cook of the Inn knew no more about baking bread than of washing clothes, and there was but this one bakery, hitherto sufficient, for the baker and his wife had been strong and industrious. What was to be done? The Inn was in despair. The village was in despair. A Frenchman will go without meat, but life without bread is unthinkable. No one thought of the child.

It is possible in her double grief she did not think of herself — for twenty-four hours. But on the second day after mobilization the shop window was piled high with loaves as usual; the Inn was supplied. This little girl worked steadily and unaided at her task, until her father, a year later, returned minus a leg, to give her assistance of a sort. And the business of the bakery was nearly doubled during that time. Automobiles containing officers, huge trucks containing soldiers, with no time to stop for a meal, halted and bought the stock on hand. But with only a few hours' sleep she toiled unceasingly, and no applicant for bread was turned from the door of the now famous bakery. How she kept up her childish strength and courage is probably due to the strength of a Frenchman's sense of duty to the state that would not let her shirk for a moment the particular task the war had brought her.

THE CAPTAIN'S BOY

(An incident of the war.)

IN the report published of the torpedoing of the Anchor liner *Cameronia* with troops in the Mediterranean in the summer of 1917 mention was made of the splendid conduct of the captain's boy, Mackinnon. This youngster was on the bridge with the captain when the ship was struck, and he did much to allay the excitement by shouting through the megaphone to the troops, "Keep your heids, men. Dinna get excited. It's a' richt. Nae hurry," and so on.

The sight of the small boy with a megaphone as big as himself advising the soldiers to keep cool made many laugh and quieted many nerves. The boy did many other things, and at the end the captain found that he had disobeyed orders and was still on the bridge when every one else had left the ship. When the captain told him to "Clear out" he said, "I'll no go till you go, sir." The captain then caught him by the coat and slung him overboard into the destroyer before jumping himself.

A few months later the boy was drowned when the *Tuscania* was torpedoed. There is no doubt he behaved as bravely then as he did the day the *Cameronia* went down, and the death he just missed in the Mediterranean he met without a whimper off the coast of his beloved Scotland. When the war is over in the list of heroes there will be a place for this gallant wee Glasgow lad.

A HERO IN KHAKI

(Courtesy of *The Outlook*.)

THE car was crowded. In the seat ahead of me, chubby of face, light of hair, merry of spirit, sat a young soldier, one of the first to represent us on the field of honor, and with both legs badly damaged last August. The bone of the right ankle, splintered as it is, has baffled all the skill of doctors on both sides of the ocean, and he was on his way to a great hospital for a last try to save his life.

Every jolt of the car hurt. He was never free from pain. He knew that he might lose his leg within two days, but he smiled as he said to me, "They can take it off if they like." The little children came across the aisle to play with him. He sang along the way. The high notes of "Swanee River" gave him trouble. With "Tipperary" he dashed gallantly along. He could "Keep the Home Fires Burning." He certainly knew how to pack up his troubles in his old kit bag and smile, smile, smile.

We talked and talked. He said nothing about pacifism, though he had fought for peace. He had no word of hate for those who had inflicted all that hurt upon him. The holy magnitude of our country's task was clear to him, and he was too good a soldier to waste energy in idle comment or in bitterness.

As I left the car I hoped that he would have a comfortable night, and his voice rang out cheerily: "I'm

all right. My leg always hurts. But what's the use of worrying about it?"

One last look, and a "Good-by, soldier boy," to him. But even after I had set foot on the step his voice came ringing merrily, "Good-by, sir, and good luck to *you*."

I do not know whether he is living as I write these words, but I do know that whether he still lives or not he has done his "bit." He has made it impossible for any right-minded man, woman, or child not to do his utmost.

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN YOUTH

(Portion of a letter from a young Harvard man to his family.)

IN re-reading your letters I came across something I must have missed before, where you say : "Do you not sometimes wish you were back in the Ayer camp? Be honest now." I shall, and it is true when I say that if to-day some one offered me a secure \$20,000 a year position in the United States, and if I were perfectly free to leave the army, I would not hesitate a moment in turning down the offer. No, dearest Mother and Father, there's something a great deal bigger than personal comfort and safety and affections concerned. I would not be anywhere else in the world just now, had I the choice. It is patriotism, yet it is more than patriotism; it is pride, yet it is far more than pride. There is something at stake in this war bigger than the fate of a Nation, even our own; it is a supreme test of Might against Right, and in the face of it all personal considerations must be swept aside. The one great good of this war is that it is teaching us as individuals, and I hope as a nation, the value of self-sacrifice; and I feel only pity for those who cannot attain it. I am fighting in it in the hope that my son — should I be so fortunate as to have one — shall not have to fight in another one, and I want to be able to tell him that in the Great War I was in the firing line, not safe back home.

TO-NIGHT

By F. J. W.

(Courtesy of the *Boston Transcript*.)

TO-NIGHT, my comrades, as you slept,
And all the camp was still,
I left the tent and softly crept
Atop the neighboring hill,
And from the point that eastward trails
Far out into the sea,
I saw New England's hills and vales,
And they are dear to me.

The tropic sea became the bay
That skirts my native shore ;
The palms whereon the moon-beams play
Were elms before my door.
Again I saw a dear, sweet face ;
I seemed to hear a prayer ;
To me a mother's tender grace
Came on the evening air.

A loving sister's eyes were wet,
A brother's tears were free,
A father's anxious face was set
Across the waste of sea.
I seemed to see them all again,
A soldier's holiest sight ;
And though to-morrow finds me slain,
I've kissed them all to-night.

DOING THEIR BIT

(From "The Glory of the Trenches" by LIEUT. CONINGSBY DAWSON. Copyright, 1918, John Lane Co. Reprinted by permission. Adapted.)

"DOING their bit!" That covers everything. In one of our attacks on the Somme, all the observers up forward were uncertain as to what had happened. We didn't know whether our infantry had captured their objective, failed, or gone beyond it. The battlefield, as far as eye could reach, was a bath of mud. It is extremely easy in the excitement of an offensive, when all landmarks are blotted out, for our storming parties to lose their direction. If this happens, a number of dangers may result. A battalion may find itself "up in the air," which means that it has failed to connect with the battalions on its right and left; its flanks are then exposed to the enemy. It may advance too far, and start digging itself in at a point where it was previously arranged that our artillery should place their protective wall of fire. We, being up forward as artillery observers, are the eyes of the army. It is our business to watch for such mistakes, to keep in touch with things and send our information back as quickly as possible. We were peering through our glasses when, far away in the thickest of the battle smoke, we saw a white flag wagging, sending back messages. The flag-wagging was repeated desperately; it was evident that no one had picked up the messages. A signaller

who was with us, read the language for us. A company of infantry had advanced too far; they were most of them wounded, very many of them dead, and they were in danger of being surrounded. They asked for our artillery to place a curtain of fire in front of them, and for reënforcements to be sent up.

We at once 'phoned the orders through to our artillery and notified the infantry headquarters of the division that was holding that front. But it was necessary to let those chaps know that we were going to get help to them. They'd hang on if they knew that; otherwise —.

Without orders our signaller was getting his flags ready. If he hopped out of the trench on to the parapet, he didn't stand a fifty-fifty chance. The Hun was familiar with our observation station and shelled it continuously.

The signaller turned to the senior officer present, "What will I send them, sir?"

"Tell them their messages have been received and that help is coming."

Out the chap scrambled, a flag in either hand — he was nothing but a boy. He ran crouching like a rabbit to a hump of mud where his figure would show up against the sky. His flags commenced wagging, "Messages received. Help coming." They didn't see him at first. He had to repeat the words. We watched him breathlessly. We knew what would happen. At last it happened. A Hun observer had spotted him and flashed the target back to his guns. All about him the mud commenced to leap and bubble.



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MESS TIME IN THE TRENCHES

Lunch time is always observed even in the front-line trenches.

He went on signalling the good word to those stranded men up front, "Messages received. Help coming." At last they'd seen him. They were signalling, "O. K." It was at that moment that a whizz-bang lifted him off his feet and landed him all of a huddle. His "bit." It was what he'd volunteered to do, when he came from Canada. The signalled "O. K." in the battle smoke was like a testimony to his character.

I TELL you that not only am I willing to give my life to this enterprise, but that I firmly believe — if I live through it — that never again shall I have an opportunity to gain so much honorable advancement for my own soul, or to do so much for the cause of the world's progress, as I have here daily, defending the liberty that mankind has so far gained against the attack of an enemy who would deprive us of it and set the world back centuries in civilization.

— *From a letter of a young American fighting in France.*

FOUR-FOOTED HEROES

(Courtesy of *The Delineator*. Copyright, 1918, The Butterick Publishing Co. Reprinted by permission.)

HAVE you heard the wonderful deeds of our Red Cross dog heroes in this war? Let me tell you a few, so that you may better appreciate your dog friend-to-be.

Ten thousand dogs, perhaps even more, are doing, not their bit, but their all, with the fighting armies. They make an army in themselves — a loyal band, with no traitors, no grumblers, nor slackers among them. They are so valuable that special military hospitals are kept for dog-soldiers, wounded in battle. Like their human friends, each dog is trained for some special branch of the service, either as watch-dog, patrol dog, messenger, ambulance dog, or pack dog.

In Russia, dogs carry ammunition from the wagons to the firing-lines. The Belgian army uses dogs in place of horses for rushing machine guns from one part of the field to the other. Officers say a dog is braver than a horse under fire, and if his duty is to guard a gun from the enemy, even after his masters have fallen and he is alone, he will stick to his post till death. Sentries and dispatch bearers have even been mentioned in official reports — an honor which many a man would prize.

One of the heroes of the battle of Verdun was Lutz,

a sentinel dog who received the War Cross Star for brave service. "Employed," says the report, "as an advanced sentinel; during the night of February twenty-first, he first gave warning of the German attack by repeated growls, and compelled attention."

But the most important part that our dog-heroes are playing in this war is their Red Cross work on the battlefield. Under fire, the Red Cross dog darts from the trenches and scents out the dead and wounded. The dead, he leaves alone; the wounded, he does not disturb, nor betray to the enemy by barking. He has been trained to speed back and tell his news by means of the short strap buckled to his collar. If he has found a wounded man, the dog returns with the strap grasped in his mouth, and then leads helpers back to the spot.

Many other ways have been used to help this eager, dumb friend of ours to speak a language which both he and his master can understand. Red Cross dogs used to be taught to bring back a piece of clothing from the wounded man, or a near-by stone or bunch of grass, but these little workers were so anxious to obey orders that they sometimes seized the first thing they saw, which, often as not, was a bandage around a wound. Or, if master had told him to get a wounded man's cap or helmet, and the soldier had none, the well-meaning animal would seize the man by the hair, and perhaps injure him seriously. None of these sign languages, you see, were as simple as the strap, so now, the new Red Cross dogs all learn the strap language.

The white band marked with a Red Cross, that you

always see in a picture of a Red Cross dog, is not just a uniform. It holds a first-aid kit from which wounded soldiers, if they are conscious, can take what they need and attend to their own wants until help comes. The dog stands patiently by, while the soldier fumbles weakly for the first-aid supplies. Shells explode around them, but the brave fellow sticks to his post until the wounded man has finished. Then he flies back to the trench, and is out again on the battlefield, to lead helpers to the spot.

Thousands of men have been rescued by these fearless four-footed workers. Think of saving one hundred lives after one battle alone! That is the record of Prusco, a brave French dog who found scores of fallen men, some too weak to call for help, others lying behind a bush or a pile of earth, hidden from human sight, but not from a dog's scent.

This same good Prusco, in another battle, bounded out to the field, where three soldiers, all shot in the legs, were trying painfully to drag themselves to safety. One by one, Prusco carried them to shelter, and as soon as they had taken what was needed from his first-aid kit, with a wag of his tail, off he hurried to other rescues.

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

BY ALAN SEEGER

(From "Poems by Alan Seeger." Copyright, 1916, Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted by permission.)

(Three weeks after the war broke out, Alan Seeger took up arms for France, in company with many other fine American boys, as a common soldier in the ranks of the Foreign Legion. A common soldier he remained until the end — an end, which, as the poem shows, he clearly foresaw, and which was the end he himself would have chosen. Early on the morning of July 4, 1916, the Legion was ordered to clear the enemy out of the village of Belloy-en-Santerre. Alan Seeger advanced in the first rush, and his squad met the cross-fire of six German machine guns, concealed in a hollow road. Most of them went down, and Alan Seeger among them — wounded in several places. As his comrades came up to him, Alan cheered them on; and as they left him behind, they heard him singing a snatch of a marching song. There was no chance to rescue him. The cross-fire was too deadly. The next day when they searched the battle ground, they found Alan Seeger dead. And there he lies buried, with many of his comrades of the Legion, on the battlefield of Belloy-en-Santerre.)

I HAVE a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air —
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land

And close my eyes and quench my breath —
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

YOUNG SOLDIERS OF FRANCE

(Courtesy of The Atlantic Monthly Press.)

I

(Young Antoine Boisson, born of a family of soldiers, died for France at eighteen. In his diary — the date is January 1, 1916 — he wrote the following.)

“TO-DAY begins the new year. It will be the year of victory. What will it mean for me? The greatest year of my life, surely, if God grants that I survive. I am going to fight ; I am going to take part in war — in real war, — in a holy war which for seventeen months has numbered so many victims — friends, comrades, fellow countrymen. Whatever destiny may be awaiting me, I shall waste no time thinking about the future. I confess I said to myself this morning, ‘What will be left of me when still another year has taken the place of this one?’ But my conscience quickly replied, ‘Do your duty, your whole duty. That is the only thought worthy of a volunteer soldier like yourself.’

“I am proud of being a soldier, of being young, of knowing that I am brave and high-spirited ; I am proud of serving France, the land of my birth. Loyalty to the flag, love of country, respect for the given word, the sense of honor — these, for me, are no hollow, meaningless phrases ; they ring like a bugle call in my

young heart, and for them, when the moment comes, I shall be able to make the supreme sacrifice.”

II

(Jean Rival, a Grenoble boy, son of a college professor, who died for France in his twentieth year, writes to his younger brother.)

“My greatest comfort in the difficult moments which I must endure here is to think that you, my little brothers and sisters, are all doing your duty as I am. My task is to fight like a brave soldier; yours, to work just as courageously. Small and unimportant as you may seem to be in this great France of ours, you owe it to yourself to do your utmost to make yourself bigger, richer, nobler. After the war France will sorely need intelligent minds and strong arms; and you, the boys of to-day, will be the young manhood of to-morrow. You will be called on then to take the place of a soldier who has died for our country.”

III

(This pure-hearted boy died at twenty.)

“Dear J —, how can I thank you for all the good you do me with those letters of yours, so full of warm, cheering words, sweet as those of the elder sister I always longed for, and whom I find in you! What am I to do to prove myself grateful? Fight bravely, to defend you, to defend along with you all the maidens of France who to-day consecrate themselves to their brothers at the front! Fight bravely, to spare you the loathsome touch of these barbarians, whom we

have been holding back here, one battalion against two, for a month and a half !

“On the day of the attack, dear J —, at the supreme moment when, at the signal of my captain, I shall go up and over the ramparts with my men, shouting, ‘En avant, à la baïonnette!’ — at that superbly tragic moment when one stakes one’s life, I shall think of you, rest assured of it. ‘Forward, boys, forward ! At them, with the bayonet, for our sisters, the women of France !’

“If death should be my lot, I count on you, dear J —, to console my parents. You must tell them that I died facing the enemy, protecting France with my body, and that they did not bring their son to his twentieth year in vain, since they have given our country one more defender. Tell them that my blood has not flowed for nothing, and that the countless tragic sacrifices of individual lives will save the life of France.”

THE HUMAN-HEARTED FOCH

(An incident of the war.)

AN Italian boy loaded down with a heavy bag of supplies was climbing a steep path on his way to the Italian front. The path was so steep that no horse or automobile could make it. What there was to be carried had to be carried on the backs of men and boys. The young Italian soldier was very tired. The load was too heavy for him. But he kept plugging ahead. Presently, he heard footsteps. A brisk old man dressed in the blue of France came up beside him.

"Pretty heavy load for you, my son," said the old Frenchman, speaking Italian.

"Oui, M'sieu," agreed the son of Italy, speaking French to be courteous.

"Let me give you a hand," said the old French soldier, and he seized the heavy bag and threw it over his own shoulders.

And thus they climbed, the old man of France and the young man of Italy. Finally they stopped to rest and, while they were resting, some Italian general staff officers appeared — one of them being of the king's personal staff. Of course the two soldiers by the roadside came to their feet to salute the high officers. The Italian officers stopped. The one who belonged to the king's personal staff ejaculated one word: "Foch!"

The humble French soldier was indeed no other than the present *généralissimo* of the allied armies.

General Foch did not forget that he is "le patron," the Big Boss. He saluted the Italian high officers stiffly, threw the bag on his shoulders again, and with the Italian boy beside him protesting volubly, started up the path again.

General Foch to-day has charge of all the allied armies. He is the man in highest command. In the hands of this human-hearted soldier our boys will be perfectly safe.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

BY LIEUT. COL. JOHN M'CRAE

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(Lieut. Col. M'Crae was a Canadian physician who went overseas with a hospital unit from Montreal early in the war. He died in January, 1918, of pneumonia at Boulogne, France. "In Flanders Fields" is one of the finest poems of the war.)

IN Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place ; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe ;
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch ; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

PRIDE IN YOUR REGIMENT

(From "The Glory of The Trenches" by LIEUT. CONINGSBY DAWSON. Copyright, 1918, John Lane Co. Reprinted by permission. Adapted.)

WHEN you have given people every reason you can think of which explains the spirit of our men, they still shake their heads in bewildered manner, murmuring, "I don't know how you stand it." I'm going to make one last attempt at explanation.

We stick it out by believing that we're in the right — to believe you're in the right makes a lot of difference. You glance across No Man's Land and say, "Those fellows are wrong; I'm right." If you believe that with all the strength of your soul and mind, you can stand anything. To allow yourself to be beaten would be to own that you *weren't* right.

To still hold that you're right when the enemy tells you that you're wrong, requires pride in your regiment, your division, your corps and, most of all, in yourself. No one who has not worn a uniform can understand what pride in a regiment can do for a man. For instance, in France every man wears his "divisional patch," which marks him. He's proud of his division and wouldn't do anything to let it down. If he hears anything said to its credit, he treasures the saying up; it's as if he himself had received the praise. It was rumored this year that the night before an attack, a

certain Imperial General called his battalion commanders together. When they were assembled, he said, "Gentlemen, I have called you together to tell you that to-morrow morning you will be confronted by one of the most difficult tasks that has ever been allotted to you; you are going to fight side by side with the division on our left — the First Canadian Division, which is in my opinion the finest fighting division in France." I don't know whether the story is true or not. If the Imperial General didn't say it, he ought to have said it. So I believe the story. Every new man who joins our division hears that story. He feels that he, too, has got to be worthy of it. When he's tempted to get the "wind-up," he glances down at the patch on his arm. It means as much to him as a Victoria Cross; so he steadies his nerves, squares his jaws, and plays the man.

There's believing you're right. There's your sense of pride, and then there's something else, without which neither of the other two would help you. It seems a queer thing to say about men who fight; but that other thing which enables you to meet sacrifice gladly is love. It is love that helps us to die gladly — love for our cause, our pals, our family, our country. One of the finest examples of the thing I'm driving at happened recently.

In a recent attack the enemy set to work to knock out our artillery. He commenced with a heavy shelling of our batteries. This lasted for some hours. He followed it up by clapping down on them a gas-barrage. The gunners' only chance of protecting themselves

from the deadly fumes was to wear their gas-helmets. All of a sudden, just as the gassing of our batteries was at its worst, all along our front-line S. O. S. rockets commenced to go up. Our infantry, if they weren't actually being attacked, were expecting a heavy enemy attack, and were calling on us by the quickest means possible to help them.

Of a gun-crew there are two men who cannot do their work accurately in gas-helmets — one of these is the “layer” and the other is the “fuse-setter.” If the infantry were to be saved, two men out of the gun-crew must sacrifice themselves. Instantly, without waiting orders, the fuse-setters and layers flung aside their helmets. Our guns opened up. The men lasted about twenty minutes without masks; when they had been dragged out of the gun-pits choking or in convulsions, two more took their places without a second's hesitation.

This went on for upwards of two hours. The reason given by the gunners for their splendid devotion to duty was that they weren't going to let their pals in the trenches down. You may call their heroism devotion to duty or anything you like; the motive that inspired it was *love*.

TEAM PLAY

(From "The Glory of The Trenches" by LIEUT. CONINGSBY DAWSON.
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It isn't natural to be brave. How, then, have multitudes of men acquired this sudden knack of courage? They have acquired it through discipline and training. When you have subjected yourself to discipline, you cease to think of yourself; you are not YOU, but a company of men. If you don't do your duty, you throw the whole machine out. You soon learn the hard lesson that every man's life and every man's service belong to other people. Take the infantry for instance. They can't fight by themselves; they're dependent on the support of the artillery. The artillery, in their turn, would be terribly crippled, were it not for the gallantry of the air service. If the infantry collapse, the guns have to go back; if the infantry advance, the guns have to be pulled forward. So it goes down through the army till it reaches the individual. Each man feels that the day will be lost if he fails. Anything which may happen to himself becomes trifling when compared with the disgrace he would bring upon his regiment if he were not courageous.

A few months ago I was handing over a battery-position in a fairly warm place. The major, who came up to take over from me, brought with him a

subaltern and just enough men to run the guns. Within half-an-hour of their arrival, a stray shell came over and caught the subaltern and five of the gun-detachment. It was plain at once that the subaltern was dying — his name must have been written on the shell, as we say in France. We got a stretcher and made all haste to rush him to a dressing-station. Just as he was leaving, he asked to speak with his major. “I’m so sorry, sir; I didn’t mean to get wounded,” he whispered. The last word he sent back from the dressing-station where he died, was, “Tell the major, I didn’t mean to do it.” That’s discipline. He didn’t think of himself; all he thought of was that his major would be left short-handed.

OH days of our country’s ransoming! Unhappy forever shall he be who shall like a stranger hear of it from afar, from the lips of others; who when he tells the tale to his children on a time, must say sighing, “I was not there”; who shall not have hailed on that day of days our holy, conquering banner.

— ALESSANDRO MANZONI.

I AM CONTENTED

BY CARMEN SYLVA

THE soldier said as he was called to die :

"I am contented ;

But tell my mother in the village,
My sweetheart in the cottage,
To pray for me with folded hands."

The soldier's dead ; his mother and his sweetheart —
They pray for him with folded hands.

They dug his grave upon the battlefield,

And all the earth was red

Wherein they laid him.

The sun beheld him thus and said :

"I am contented."

And flowers clustered on his grave

And were contented there to bloom.

And when the wind would roar

Among the trees,

Then asked the soldier from his deep, dark grave :

"Was it the flag that fluttered?"

"Nay!" said the wind, "my gallant hero,

Nay : thou hast died in battle, but the flag

Hath won the day. Thy comrades

Have carried it away full happily."

Then said the soldier from his deep, dark grave :

"I am contented."

And then he hearkened to the wandering
Of herds and shepherds, and he asked :

“Is that the din of battle?”

“Nay !” said they : “nay, my gallant hero ;

For thou art dead ; the war is over ;

Thy fatherland is free and happy.”

Then said the soldier from his deep, dark grave :

“I am contented.”

And then he hearkened to the lovers’ laughter ;

And this the soldier asked :

“Are these the people’s voices, who remember me ?”

“Nay !” spake the lovers ; “nay, my gallant hero,

For we are they who never do remember ;

For spring hath come and all the earth is smiling.

We must forget the dead.”

Then said the soldier from his deep, dark grave :

“I am contented.”

HEALING THE WOUNDS OF WAR

(Courtesy of George H. Doran Co.)

(From "Trench Pictures From France" by MAJ. WILLIAM REDMOND, brother of John Redmond, the Irish leader. Maj. Redmond was killed in action.)

THERE is a certain trench on the Western front well known and much used by our troops. It is one of the oldest trenches, and was once in the possession of the enemy in the days when the enemy held that particular part of France.

It is quite familiar to thousands of troops. A long and weary trench it is, representing long and weary labor. Many of the men who dug it are now at rest forever, but their work remains and will remain till the arrival of that day when labor shall be employed in filling and not in digging trenches. And what a task that will be! And how long a time will have to pass before the war-stricken fields of France and Belgium recover from the frightful mangling which shot and shell and tramping feet have caused!

In winter time the trench in my mind's eye is dark, damp, forbidding, and gloomy. A road of agony, where weary feet fall and where no single bright spot redeems the dullness or catches the eye. That is in winter.

In summer the trench is all changed. Along the top

at each side there are real flower beds, running almost the full length of the way. Not indeed flower beds planted by the hands of gardeners, but flower beds far more beautiful than ever planted by human hands — flower beds which are the handiwork of Nature unaided.

Poppies red and cornflowers blue spread along in marvelous profusion. Daisies white and yellow, and long sprays of graceful grass, with here and there scraps of waving corn, the wild product of some long-ago sowing, before the land was plowed with shot and shell. The ears of corn blend with the red poppies in far more graceful arrangement than ever was designed by even the most skillful florist hand.

It is bare, level plain where this garden trench, as I call it, stretches; and the wind sweeping along has carried the wild flower seeds far and wide, and they have rooted in the loosely turned soil along the trench top. A more wonderful contrast it would be hard to imagine than that afforded by the wonderful profusion of wild flowers peering down and the dark depths below.

On the Western front, at certain parts, the land where two great armies contend is more or less a dead level. Viewed from above the whole country seems one bare bleak plain. No trees, no hedges, no fences — nothing save here and there the wire entanglements before some redoubt or specially guarded trench. And, most remarkable of all, there is no sign of human life. Yet beneath the surface of the earth are thousands and thousands of men, on the alert, and leading an ordered and disciplined existence.

In winter time this stretch of bleak country, for the possession of which two great armies contend, is forbidding in all its aspects — a waste of trampled mud. In summer it is ablaze with wild flowers. The hum of bee and the song of bird are in the air, and but for the thick unhealthy clouds of smoke which follow the bursting shells that drop ever and anon with a mighty crash, the spectator might imagine he was gazing upon some scene of wild land untrodden by man. There is nothing more striking than the difference between the fighting area of the West in summer and in the winter, and this change has its effect upon the soldiers.

The mass of wild flowers everywhere is remarkable. As the soldiers pass their weary way to and fro along the trenches, the blossoms along each side wave and nod as though encouraging them. And the wounded, as they are carried along on the stretchers through the trench, pass, one might say, along an avenue of flowers, and have their minds carried back to the fields and pleasant places of their native land.

Now and again a gust of wind will blow the petals of the flaming poppies down, and they lie at the bottom, looking against the brown clay like bright red drops of blood. Whilst human beings day and night slaughter each other, Nature takes no heed of them. The flowers bloom, the birds sing through the very smoke of battle, and even the trenches, the very paths to destruction, are lavishly decorated by Nature's hand and made beautiful, as though in mockery of the waste and horror created by war-waging man.

And here and there, amidst the tangle of wild flowers

on the plains that have been fought over, have been planted thousands of the little rude wooden crosses which roughly mark the last resting places of the fallen. In winter these little memorials seem grim and lonely. Not so under the summer sun, for then they are garlanded and bedecked by Nature with a lavish hand.

The writer came the other day upon the roughly made cross of wood which marked the grave of a French infantryman. His name and regiment were rudely carved on the cross, with the date of his death, and beneath were the words, in French, "Dead on the Field of Honor."

Those who were dear to this soldier may never have an opportunity of standing by his grave or tending it. They need not grieve, however, for Nature has done all that could be required or wished for. A quilt of wild flowers covers this humble resting place, and red poppies and blue cornflowers nestle around the little cross, and with every breath of wind nod and point to the words, "Dead on the Field of Honor!"

So it is. While man makes the earth hideous and disfigures it with shot and shell, Nature gently covers up the wounds of war and makes even the grave and the trench very often beautiful. All of which but goes to prove, as one of our chaplains said, that there is after all a Power higher and mightier than the power of the "All Highest War Lord."

YOU ARE THE HOPE OF THE WORLD!

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

(By special permission of The Macmillan Co. Abridged and adapted.)

(Hermann Hagedorn, the author of the little book from which this brief extract is taken, is the son of German parents, though he himself was born in this country. His father was born in Germany, and he has brothers in the German army. In his recently published book "Where Do You Stand?" addressing men and women in America of German descent, he says: "I appeal to you because I am one of you. I love German men and women, and German forests and hills and songs as you love them: I too have a father in Germany. I too have brothers fighting in Germany's armies. For a time my reason as well as my heart was with Germany's cause, and even after my reason would no longer let me hope for Germany's triumph, for a time my heart was still rebelliously thrilled at the news of a German victory. I have stood on Germany's side. I have walked in the valley of the shadow of neutrality. I have stood and I now stand, irrevocably with the cause of the Allies, which now, thank God, is the cause of America, and I now say unto you most solemnly that the time has come for us all who are of German origin to stand forth and individually and collectively pledge ourselves to America's cause. I, an American citizen of German blood, believe in America, my country, and the principles of liberty, equality, and democracy for which she stands. I wish to see my country victorious and Germany defeated. To the fulfilment of this wish I pledge my hands, my heart, and my spirit.")

GIRLS and boys of America, you are the hope of the world!

In Europe, boys of your age are dying daily by hundreds, by thousands! Millions lie dead or wounded; or, famishing in prison camps, watch the slow wasting of body and mind. Millions! They lie scattered in

fields and forests, in villages and bleak cities. Boys who might have been great leaders of men lie there; boys who might have been great scientists, great poets, great tellers of tales, great inventors, great merchants, great physicians, great preachers. Every twenty seconds, on an average, down goes a brave boy, and on one of you over here suddenly falls a new responsibility. You don't feel it, but there it is. That French boy or that English or German or Russian boy may leave his watch to his best friend, but he leaves his chance in life to you. He might have been a great scientist; he might have been a great musician, a great engineer; he might have been the immortal leader that men for ages have been looking for. He's gone, dead at nineteen. Young America, you have got to take his place!

We have not been touched by war. Not really touched by it. Not touched as Belgium and France and England have been touched, clutched, throttled, flung down by it! You who are ten, twelve, fourteen, or fifteen now will, probably, not be closely touched by it at all. Your brothers may go to fight for freedom on the sea or in France; but you, Bill and Jack and George and Mary and Susan and Jane will stay home, and do — what?

That's the great question. At bottom, it's the greatest question facing this dear country of ours. At bottom, it's greater than any questions of guns or money or potatoes or submarines or party politics — the question, In the nation's crisis, what are you girls and boys of America going to do?

I believe I know what you are going to do, because I

believe, Young America, that I know you. Only a quitter would cry in an hour like this: "I'll do what I've always done — go my own way." But you are not quitters. You are the opposite of quitters! You are the worthy heirs of a heroic line. The men and women who have gone before you loved democracy and many of them labored and died that democracy might grow strong and expand. Your elder brothers are learning how to fight, and if the Great War goes on — as it may — for two, three, or four years more, you who are boys now will have to learn how to defend democracy with arms against assault from without.

You cannot go to the front. *But you are the Home Guard.*

The newspapers are full, these days, of what your city, your state, your nation are doing for the protection of their citizens and the upholding of American ideals *at home.*

What can you do?

You can be Paul Reveres and Pauline Reveres, waking your sleeping fellows to a recognition of the needs of this country and of their own opportunity; a Paul or Pauline Revere in your home, in your neighborhood, in your school. You can make a Divine Nuisance of yourself by reminding and reminding and still reminding the girls and boys with whom you run that they owe a duty to their country; and that, if America is to be truly free, America must stand, in peace and war, first, before all personal hopes or pleasures, without a rival, first in the love and plans of her children!

You can do more. You can fight.

Fight! Not with guns, but with your brains! Your elder brothers will have to fight with their comrades in France and Flanders.

Hail and good luck to them!

To you, girls and boys of ten, twelve, fourteen, fifteen, is given a work every bit as grand as dying for your country; and that is, *living for the highest interests of your country!*

Go to it! Go to it, girls and boys of America!

You are the hope of the world!

WE will never bring disgrace to this, our city, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks. We will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul or to set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty. Thus in all these ways we will transmit this city not only not less but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us.

— *The Oath of the Athenian Youth.*

THE FOREIGN BORN

BY McLANDBURGH WILSON

(By courtesy of the The Macmillan Co.)

WHO are the foreign born? Not those
Whose pulses to Old Glory thrill,
Who would protect it with their blows
From insult of a tyrant's will.
What though their bodies sprang from earth
Upon a strange and distant strand,
'Tis here their spirits found their birth,
And they are natives in the land.

Who are the native born? Not those
Who falter in the Flag's defense,
Who would not die against its foes
And count the joy a recompense.
What though the ancestry they scorn
Runs backward to the Pilgrim band?
Their spirits have been elsewhere born
And they are aliens in the land.

A CITIZEN'S CREED

BY RUBY SINCLARE DARLING

WE, as citizens of the United States of America, trusting in God, in our hearts the love of liberty, home, and the Red, White, and Blue emblem of our land of the free and the home of the brave, believe in justice to all, and shall strive in every way possible to live better lives and be better citizens, that our posterity may honor, love, and cherish this sweet land of liberty.

We believe in the love of our army and the pride of our navy, and we cherish dearly the memory of those who fought and bled and died, and in triumph carried our Star-spangled Banner through the perilous fight that gave us freedom.

We believe in a government of the people, by the people, and for the people; we believe it the duty of every citizen to live a life of honor, love, and respect to our country, our God, and our government, and to one another, and do all in his power to protect and preserve our civilization, that it may not perish from the earth.

We believe it our sacred duty to preserve these emblems of America because of those who bled and died for us; we believe no sacrifice too great; we stand ready to give our last red penny, our last drop of blood, our all and all, as others have done before. Our lives, our hopes, our fears, our ambitions, belong to Thee, America!

AMERICANS ALL

BY THOMAS O. MARVIN

A THRILL of patriotism rang throughout the North when, in response to Lincoln's call for men, the answer echoed from our Granite Hills to the Rocky Mountains, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong." For over sixty years the question of slavery had been the storm center of national debate, and at last the day came when the authority of the national government was challenged and the union of the states was dissolved. For the first time in this country the souls of men wrestled with the question of loyalty to their state or of loyalty to their country. The men of the South chose, for the most part, loyalty to their states; the men of the North chose for the most part loyalty to the nation, and on those lines were formed the armies of the Confederacy and the armies of the Union. Led by their sense of loyalty, the boys in gray and the boys in blue met in the fiercest conflict that the world had witnessed, and the stars and stripes issued in triumph over the stars and bars, and a united nation, forever to be a republic of free men, was bequeathed to us.

In our country to-day among the rank and file of the people there is no divided allegiance and no sectional loyalty. We face the great issues of this hour not as Northerners nor Southerners, not as Easterners nor Westerners, but as Americans. Patrick Henry stirred

the patriotism of the first Continental Congress when he said: "The distinction between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders is no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American." During the civil war the broad patriotism of these words was forgotten, but to-day they voice the sentiments of all our people and a President born in the South leads a united and a loyal country in its high mission to the peoples of the world. Challenged by brutality and despotism, the spirit of America answers: "We are coming, if need be, ten millions strong." Under the apple tree of Appomattox were planted the seeds of fraternity and nationality, and the nationwide harvest is unity and loyalty. There are no longer Virginians or Carolinians, Northerners or Southerners. We are all Americans, and under the flag that was consecrated by the blood of heroes the boys of the South and the boys of the North fight with equal heroism and loyalty for the vindication of our rights and the liberation of the world.

It is the duty not alone of the man in uniform to be loyal to his flag and to his country. Loyalty is the duty of every citizen, the loyalty that manifests itself in honest work, in patriotic sacrifice, and in courageous endurance. Thousands of our boys will give their lives for our country. It is little to ask of those who are sheltered by their sacrifice to pledge to our country unfaltering loyalty. Victory cannot be won by our army alone; it must be won by the loyal effort of all our people. To the flag we love and the cause to which the nation is consecrated let us pledge all we have and all we are.

THE GOOD CITIZEN

(Adapted from Leaflet No. 1 of the Lawrence Plan for Education in Citizenship.)

THE good citizen knows America for the land of opportunity.

He believes in hard work and reverences honest labor.

He knows he is free to bring out the best that is in him provided he does not trespass upon the rights of others.

He realizes that every right has a corresponding duty, and every privilege a corresponding obligation.

He knows that the truest work of good citizenship is a high regard for one's fellow men and a readiness to serve them and to sacrifice for them.

The good citizen has full faith in American Democracy.

He believes in obedience to law.

He believes in majority rule as the foundation of Democratic government.

He believes in the American representative form of government, and therefore in a wise choice of capable leaders.

He regards public office as a public trust.

He recognizes that Democracy is not yet perfect,

and that only by constant watchfulness can American Democracy be preserved.

He loves his country. He would fight for her, as he would defend the honor of his mother or his wife or his children. He will gladly lay down his life that she may live.



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WHEN THE UNITED STATES ENTERED THE WAR

The French soldiers have attached a French and an American flag to the wall and inscribed such sentiments as "Long live Wilson!" "Bravo, United States! April 5, 1917."

WHAT DID YOU?

BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH

(Courtesy of the *Chicago Commerce*.)

WHEN the war has been won,
When our duty is done,
When our sailors come sailing the foam;
When our men of the air
And the guns over there
All the nation is welcoming home;
They will come to your door,
The young winners of war,
They will look you up, over and through,
And in word, or in thought,
They will ask, like as not:
“Well, we did quite a lot —
What did *you*?”

When the years have gone by,
And the pages are dry
That the story of struggle record,
With democracy sure,
When we're living secure
In the strength of our soul and our sword,
In that glorious time
To your knee there will climb
Then a boy or a girl, or the two,

And will say : “Some were brave
On the land and the wave,
Some their ev’rything gave —
What did *you*?”

Or it may be at night
You will sit by the light
Of a fire in a home that is free,
You will sit all alone
’Neath a roof of your own
In some year of the future to be ;
And a voice down inside
Will say, “Some of them died,
Or they suffered their duty to do,
And the ones who could not,
Gave their all, gave a lot,
Gave their money — say, what,
What did *you*?”

WHY MICHIGAN IS GREAT

(By permission of Michigan Department of Public Instruction.

(This inspiring message was sent in 1915 to the boys and girls of the State of Michigan by Fred S. Keeler, Superintendent of Public Instruction. What is true of the boys and girls of Michigan is true of the boys and girls of every other state in the Union: they are "the Hope and the Promise and the Assurance of a Greater To-morrow." It is they who make Michigan great, and it is they who make great every other state from Maine to California. The message loses no force for other children because it is written for the children of Michigan. In the blue field of our flag no star differeth from another star in glory. We are Americans all, knowing no boundaries that divide our allegiance to our common country and our loyalty to the common cause of justice and liberty the whole world over.)

FROM Maumee Bay to Isle Royale is farther than from London to Berlin. Between lies an empire—fields of grain, sparkling lakes, and richest mines. People truly exclaim: "Michigan is a great state!" But neither because it is large nor rich is Michigan a great state.

What then makes Michigan great?

I will tell you.

If the boys and girls of Michigan join hands, they form a solid line from Keweenaw to Lenawee—six hundred miles in all.

And who are the boys and girls in that line?

I know who they are, I know them all. They are the Joy of To-day and the Promise of a Greater To-morrow.

I see a girl at her piano with the rising sun. Morning, noon, and night she helps in household duties. Her day's work is done when at last she has rendered with finish the last line of her Virgil. If there is a hard theorem, that she delights to prove. But above all, she proves every day that needle and dishpan lend charm to piano and poetry, and moreover, are just as respectable.

I see a girl without father or mother, who, by her own pluck, has made her way until now she has done with credit the work of the public schools. Some say she is poor. I say a girl with such spirit is rich. She is going to college. I know, for she says so.

I see a girl who works hard and fails often, but for all that is never defeated. She smiles and says, "Let me try once more." They say she is not a brilliant student. Perhaps that is so. But every Sunday afternoon I see her on the way to the home of an old man who for years has sat by the window seeing folks go by. Her bouquets of roses mean more to him than expert knowledge of imaginary roots.

I see a smiling, curly-headed boy who thinks wireless and flying machines. He told me once he was going to make a machine that would run forever, but he knows better now for he has studied science some. This, though, I believe, he will some day make a machine that will lighten the load of labor; and if he lays the keel of a ship, it will be a safe ship.

I see a girl, modest, refined, and accomplished. She is Industry, Loyalty, and Cheer. Why does she work so hard when her father has lots of money? Swift

comes her answer : "I am greater than money. I must be true to myself. Then some day I may use money so it will be of service to others and to myself a blessing."

I see boys and girls, ten hundred thousand of them, all different, all aspiring, all good.

It is they that make Michigan great.

The Public School is their Opportunity and how eagerly do they grasp it !

One bitter cold morning last winter I was in a town in northern Michigan. The roads were hemmed in by snow banks so high you could not see over them. On my way to the station I met three girls trudging on through the deep-drifted snow. Under their arms they had books and lunches, while their hands shielded their faces from the biting wind. I knew they were school girls come far from the country to the high school in the village. As I stood at the station I saw boys and girls dotting the distant hills in all directions — some walking, some running, others pulling sleds with brothers and sisters on them — all bound for school that day.

Inspiring !

I almost cheered. And what I saw there was happening that moment in every district and village and city in Michigan — indeed, in all America !

Why is it, when all the world is warring, Uncle Sam is so calm and patient and unafraid ? You know. It is because from Ocean to Ocean, from Lakes to Gulf, he hears the tramp, tramp, tramp, of twenty million boys and girls who every morning, rain or shine, set

out for the American Public School to conquer the knowledge of the World.

That is the largest, the most invincible host that ever marched in any country in all history. The whole globe sways under its footstep.

In the front rank of that procession is Michigan, My Michigan!

What shall come of our triumphant band — these boys and girls of Michigan?

Only themselves can answer; and with one voice they answer in deeds of to-day:

This country is My Country. I honor the brave men and women who gave it. I am glad that now my country needs me.

This state is My State. Every day it heaps riches upon me. These I shall some day repay. If I cannot sit high in its councils, I shall see that only worthy men do. My voice shall ever be honestly spoken.

This school is My School, the best school of all. Here I am free to laugh and to play and to work. To every lesson I give my honest effort; and my teacher helps me most when she helps me to help myself.

This home is My Home, the best home in all the world. My father and my mother give me tenderest care. They rejoice when I am strong; of all friends and playmates they are the best. When danger is near they think only of me; tears and unrest pale my mother's cheek, my father is sad and says nothing. Oh, Father and Mother, I treasure the Name you have given me! I will forever keep it honor bright. I will be noble and kind and true.

We accept the answer.

We take off our hats to you, Boys and Girls of Michigan !

You are, indeed, the Joy of To-day ; the Hope, the Promise, the Assurance of a Greater To-morrow.

I HAVE always been proud to be an American, and was never more proud than now, when all that we have said and all that we have foreseen about our people is coming true. The great days have come when the only thing that they ask for or admire is duty, greatly and adequately done ; when their only wish for America is that she may share the freedom she enjoys, when a great, compelling sympathy wells up in their hearts for men everywhere who suffer and are oppressed, and when they see at last the high uses for which their wealth has been piled up and their mighty power accumulated, and, counting neither blood nor treasure, now that their final day of opportunity has come, rejoice to spend and to be spent through a long night of suffering and terror, in order that they and men everywhere may see the dawn of a day of righteousness and justice and peace.

— *From an address by PRESIDENT WILSON before both Houses of Congress, May 27, 1918.*

TO A SCHOOLMATE — KILLED IN ACTION

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

(Courtesy of *The Outlook*.)

GORDAN RAND, we saw you last
On a baseball field at play : —
Now the word is swiftly passed,
“Gordan died in France to-day !”

Gordan Rand, the boy we knew
Vanished when that message came : —
We shall always think of you
As a torch of living flame.

Ere our first few hundreds fell
It was your proud lot to fall
Underneath a German shell
In the vanguard of us all.

Gordan Rand, the men who die
As the pledge of hosts to come
Are a trumpet in the sky
And an ever-sounding drum.

We who still must wait and pray
For one chance to serve our land
Know what drum and trumpet say —
We salute you, — Gordan Rand.

A CALL TO SERVICE

BY WALTER D. HEAD

IT has long been customary to refer to school boys as "future citizens," "the coming generation," "the hope of the world." Indeed, these phrases have been repeated until, perhaps, they have lost in your ears part of their significance; yet they are great truths and they have at the present moment a greater significance than ever before. The young men from twenty-one to thirty, the generation immediately ahead of you, the men who were just about to complete their education, have been turned aside through a world calamity from the paths of industry and the professions into the path of war. Many of them will not come back from "over there"; some who do come back will come as cripples, and still others, though not physically injured, will have been made unfit through their terrible experience to take up these positions of leadership in American life which they normally would have filled. In other words, there will be a gap in the nation's manhood at just the age when men are beginning to take up the world's work. Those who will be left will be largely the older men whose counsel and judgment will be of the greatest value in the work of reconstruction, and you, boys. Do you realize what this means to you? It means for you a tremendous extra re-

sponsibility and a tremendous extra opportunity. It means that you must do not only your own part, but that of those who have gone as well. It means that the nation must look to you also for the support and continuance of an international union which will make a recurrence of the present world madness forever impossible.

Many of you will not have to wait to step into the shoes of the man just ahead, for he will not be there. Many of you will have to step from school or college into positions of power and responsibility. Do you realize this, and if you do, how has it affected your attitude towards your school work?

Do you know that our President said that there never was so great a need of trained minds, — and by this he meant not only minds trained for the continuation of the war, but even more, minds trained for the work of peace. Are you making the most of the months or years of training which are to be yours before you take up your double load? Are you on your toes seeking each bit of information or training which will help fit you to be of the greatest service, or are you doing only as much as will get by? Are you making the most of the opportunity for training provided by your teachers and your books, or are you one of those whom the teacher has to drag along?

A college professor recently said that the most striking of all the changes which the war has brought about in the American colleges and universities is the change in the attitude, both physical and mental, of the student body. "Formerly," he said, "we saw much of

the so-called American college slouch. Now, all that is changed. With straight shoulders and clear eye, the young men to-day greet me either with a salute, or in the tone of a salute."

You are indeed the hope of the world. Are you preparing to measure up to its great expectations?



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THIS CHILD MIGHT HAVE DIED HAD NOT THE ALLIES
INTERVENED

A little refugee, one of the thousands that are being cared for
by the Allies at Salonica.

THE AMERICAN CREED

BY WILLIAM TYLER PAGE

(WILLIAM TYLER PAGE is a descendant of President John Tyler and of Carter Braxton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. His "American Creed" won the prize of \$1000 offered by the City of Baltimore.)

I BELIEVE in the United States of America as Government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign States; a perfect Union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.

You can help your fellow men. You *must* help your fellow men. But the only way you can help them is by being the noblest and best man that it is possible for you to be.

— PHILLIPS BROOKS.

IN THE "GROUND SCHOOL"

(Courtesy of *The Boys' World*.)

WHEN a young fellow goes in for aviation, you immediately think of him skimming through the clouds in one of the new machines that outfly the swiftest birds. Perhaps, even, you think of him soaring over the enemy lines in France to spy out secrets of the foe or to drop bombs on his fortifications. But, as a matter of fact, only a very few of the recruits in aviation ever fly.

The majority of the men at the big aviation camps have been no nearer to flying than standing on tiptoe and squinting into the pilot's cabin, back at the rigging course at "ground school." The recruit must pack his head full of information on mathematics and electricity. He must make a thorough study of the motor and every other part of the aëroplane. But, for a long time, there is no chance to put his knowledge to use. He watches the machines clatter by over his head and wonders whether he will ever sail through the sky.

A small proportion of the hundreds of young men in training qualify at last as pilots and are given machines. These are the candidates who are mentally and physically fit, and who have been absolutely faithful students in the "ground school." Some day, while their comrades sit idly by in barracks, these hard workers

are asked to go up with a pilot. Then, later, they are put in charge of air craft of their own. Their dreams of blue sky and snow-capped Alps and victory are now in a fair way of being realized. They are allowed to soar through the air because of their faithful work in the yellow dust of Long Island.

So it is right through life. You must do well the thing that is lower before you can be called to do something higher. You must learn to "walk and not faint," before you can "mount up with wings as eagles."

O YOU that still have rain and sun,
Kisses of children and of wife,
And the good earth to tread upon,
And the mere sweetness that is life,
Forget not us, who gave all these
For something dearer, and for you !
Think in what cause we crossed the seas !
Remember, he who fails the challenge
Fails us, too.

— LAWRENCE BINYON *in the London Times.*

GRAND-PÈRE

(From "The Rhymes of a Red Cross Man" by ROBERT W. SERVICE,
published by Barse & Hopkins, New York.)

AND so when he reached my bed
The General made a stand :
"My brave young fellow," he said,
"I would shake your hand."

So I lifted my arm, the right,
With never a hand at all ;
Only a stump, a sight
Fit to appal.

"Well, well. Now that's too bad !
That's sorrowful luck," he said.
"But there ! You give me, my lad,
The left instead."

So from under the blanket's rim
I raised and showed him the other,
A snag as ugly and grim
As its ugly brother.

He looked at each jagged wrist,
He looked, but he did not speak ;
And then he bent down and kissed
Me on either cheek.

You wonder now I don't mind
I hadn't a hand to offer ;
They tell me (you know I'm blind)
'Twas Grand-père Joffre.

AFTER the first gas attack at Ypres, in April, 1915, I was knocked out for a while and was in the clearing station at Merville. One day when I was lying there on a stretcher a poor miserable soldier came in. He was covered with mud and blood. He was minus his overcoat and his tunic was torn by shrapnel. He was soaked to the bone, for it was raining, and he was shivering with cold and pain. The nurse hurried to him and asked him what had become of his overcoat.

"Oh," he said, his teeth chattering, "my pal was killed back there, and he looked so cold, lying there in the rain, I took off my coat and put it over him."

If the men in the trenches, with their dirt and their filth, their swearing and fighting, can show such tenderness and unselfishness and sacrifice, are you here at home going to fall below them in nobility of spirit?

— PRIVATE PEAT.

THE DUTY OF INTELLIGENCE

FROM the day that war was declared between the United States of America and the Central Powers of Europe, young men have flocked to the colors in hundreds of thousands, each ready to give his all for the things he has carried nearest his heart. This is the duty of courage — the readiness to lay down one's life, if need be, in defense of home and country, or of the principles of human liberty, without which there can be neither home nor country worth dying for. It is a very noble thing.

For the millions of boys who are not yet old enough to fight, even though they are as brave as the best, there is another duty which, to them, is of even greater importance than the duty of courage. And that is *the duty of intelligence*. If you young people would wish to serve your country in the best possible way, you must come to see that to be ignorant when you might be intelligent, to be untrained when you might be trained, to have lazy minds when you might have active ones, to have poor judgment when you might have good judgment, is just as likely to do injury to your Country as if you failed to do your duty on the battlefield.

The first duty of the young people of America to-day — of boys and girls alike — is the duty of intelligence. The strongest weapon of defense that any nation can

have is a high level of intelligence. In a monarchy, where only a few rule, and where the opinions of these few rule the destiny of millions of people, it does not make so much difference how high the general level of intelligence is. Under such form of government, the people do not have to think; their thinking is done for them by the few who rule over them. But in this country of ours, where the will of the people rules, where the people do their own thinking and their own voting, it is highly important that the intelligence of the common citizen should be as high as it is possible to make it. In order that a nation like ours shall have a high level of intelligence the individual men and women composing the nation must have a high level of intelligence. A stream cannot rise higher than its source. The level of intelligence in a republic like ours is only the average of the intelligence of the millions of men and women who are its rulers. And the only way that you can raise the average of the intelligence of the nation is *to raise your own intelligence*.

Now, intelligence does not come of itself. It cannot be had for nothing. It takes effort and work and sacrifice to get it. No one can make a person intelligent except himself. The only way to get an education is to get it yourself. You can't have one handed to you, like a gift. You go to school, and perhaps you think the school educates you. The school does nothing of the kind. The school furnishes you an opportunity, that's all. You have to do the rest yourself. If the school educated you, every graduate of the grammar school would have an amount of education equal to

that of every member of his class. You know that is not so. You know that each member of a graduating class has the education he obtained for himself according to the ability he possessed when he entered school and the amount of effort and study with which he applied himself to his work on the way through. Intelligence comes only from personal effort. You can have as little or as much as you choose. It is your duty to have all you can possibly get.

Too many boys and girls think about the benefits of an education only with regard to the good they themselves will get out of it. Too often when the question comes up of remaining longer in school, or of going to high school or to college, it is likely to be in the form of "What good will it be to *me*?" "What is there in it for *me*?" That is a very selfish way to think about it. No country can ever become truly strong and great, if the individuals composing it think only of themselves, and if the young people in school think only of what good they themselves will get out of their education. We need a more patriotic view of education in America. We have got to learn that education isn't just something that is going to enable those who possess it to make more money, something that sharpens the wits of people in order that they may get the better of those who have less education than they. We have to learn to think of the value of education to the whole nation; we have got to think of education *as a duty* — as a means by which each one who is fortunate to get the chance for an education may do his bit toward raising the general level of our nation's intelligence. We have

got to stop asking, "What good will this education do me?" and ask, instead, "What good will my education do my country?"

This is *the duty of intelligence* — to make the most of the opportunities, which in America are to be had everywhere for the asking, to become educated, trained, and efficient men and women; not simply because by so doing you will have an easier time in life, or make more money, or have people think well of you; but because it is a duty you owe your country to make the most of yourselves, so that when she needs you, you will not be wanting. It is, after all, only *patriotism* under another name — the patriotism that expresses itself in making the most of oneself, not for one's own sake, but for the sake of all.

LET US GO TO WORK FOR OUR COUNTRY

BY CHARLES FRANKLIN JONES

(Courtesy of the Author.)

FIGHT laziness and idleness. Some one has said, "That man is idle who does less than he can." That man is lazy who in these times does not make an honest effort to do the very most that he can.

Go to work yourself at helping to win this war. Do not leave all the work for others. Your work is needed and your efforts will accomplish some things that no other efforts can accomplish.

A man said to me a few weeks ago: "I would join the army if I was not afraid they would put me at some work I would not like."

I asked him what kind of work he would particularly object to and he said: "Well, cooking, for instance; then I would be kept in the background and not allowed to do anything to help win the war."

But I told him that he ought to know that a good cook on the firing line can do more to help win the war than a squad of other soldiers.

A good cook can put life and fighting ability into a whole regiment. Just as they say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, so the way to make him a winning soldier is by having his stomach just right.

No matter who you are and what you can do, your

work is important to the nation just now. Influence is a great thing, and some of us who can't do anything else, can spread a cheerful influence around us, and that cheerfulness will help others to do their work better than ever before.

I remember a little bootblack who did his job so well and so quickly that I said, "That is a fine job." The boy replied, "I thank you, sir, I always try to do the best I can." And those words "do the best I can" rang in my ears for many a day after. And they did help me to do better work.

I AM an American. I believe in the dignity of labor, the sanctity of the home, and the high destiny of democracy. Courage is my birthright, justice my ideal, and faith in humanity my guiding star. By the sacrifice of those who suffered that I might live, who died that America might endure, I pledge my life to my country and the liberation of mankind.

— *The Outlook.*

A MOTHER THOUGHT

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

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Oh, my laddie ! Oh, my laddie !
Can't you hear me bravely singing
As I tuck the covers 'round you,
Or a drink to you I'm bringing ?
Do you hear me in the nighttime
When you call in dreams that fright,
Saying : "Go to sleep, my laddie,
It will very soon be light" ?

Oh, my laddie ! Oh, my laddie !
Don't you know that I am near you ?
Have the hands that once caressed you
Lost the mother gift to cheer you ?
Do you think the dreary distance
Keeps the heart of me away ?
Can't you hear me calling to you
As I called but yesterday ?

Oh, my laddie ! Oh, my laddie !
I have followed where you wander.
Here the flesh of me is dwelling,
But my soul is with you yonder.
Yes, my soul to you is singing
All the lullabies you knew

In the days before this danger
Made a soldier boy of you.

Oh, my laddie ! Oh, my laddie !
Through the trials now before you,
Through the perils of the nighttime
I shall still be watching o'er you.
Can't you feel my mother fingers
Smooth the hair about your brow ?
Can't you see me, oh, my laddie,
Standing there beside you now ?

DON'T DIE ON THIRD

(Courtesy of the *Detroit News*. Slightly adapted.)

IT was several weeks ago, when the Tigers were playing the team from Cleveland.

Moriarty was on third base.

Around the chalk-lined arena 18,000 persons strained themselves in tense expectancy. The score was a tie. Two men were out. The fate of the game centered in the white-bloused figure that shuttled back and forth near third. Tigers and Naps stood up at their benches, for the decisive moment had come.

Moriarty was at third.

He got there by the ordinary events of the game. At the bat he hit the ball and ran to first. Another player bunted and sacrificed himself to run Moriarty to second. Then a long fly advanced him to third. There he stood, alert and active, with the fate of the game in his quick eye, his quicker brain, and his running legs.

If he failed, he failed not alone, for the team failed with him. If he won, he won not alone, but gave the men behind him their chance for home. In him centered the hopes and fears of thousands upon thousands of spectators who had forgotten to breathe, and so still was the great park that even the breeze seemed forgetful to blow.

Moriarty was at third.

Much as it meant to have advanced that far, nothing had been accomplished by it. Three-quarter runs are not marked up on the score boards. Third base runs never raised a pennant. Third base is not the home plate, but the last little way station on the road home. It is better not to run at all than to run to third and die. The 18,000 spectators that kept silent at that moment could be changed into a great cheer or into a groan by the kind of work a man did between third and home.

The question is how to get safely away from it. The man on second wants your place — he can get it, but if you get safely home no one can take that glory. One way to get off third is to wait for some fellow to bat you off; another way is to get home by your own quick brain and legs.

Moriarty was on third.

It was ninety feet from third to home. Sometimes that ninety feet is a mile. If it is a mile to you, you are a failure, and the great circle of spectators groan for your weakness; if it is but a lightning streak, you are the great man of the baseball day. Moriarty was intent on cutting down that 90 feet instead of lengthening it.

How many things converged in the few moments he stood there! He watched the signals of the Cleveland catcher — he gathered they meant a high ball. A high ball meant that the runner might duck low to the base while the catcher's hands were in the air after the ball. Moriarty knew, too, that a high ball required that the pitcher wind up his arm in a certain way. He

knew also, that pitchers have a way of winding up when they don't intend to throw the ball. More than that he knew the pitcher in the box was left-handed and could not keep his eyes on third when winding up. That was why Moriarty closely followed all the strange little signals pitcher and catcher were making.

There was another consideration, too — Mullin was up to bat. Moriarty knows that Mullin has a batting average of something like .250, which means that Mullin hits safely about once in four times at bat. Would the ball about to be thrown be one of the hit, or one of the missed? No human calculation could even guess at it. If Mullin missed, it would be useless for Moriarty to run. If Mullin hit, there were still chances of his being put out at first, making Moriarty's run wholly uncounted and ending the inning.

There was only one thing to do — make home between the time the pitcher wound up his arm past all recall and the time the ball landed in the catcher's glove — make home in the second of time when Mullin's hit or miss hung in futurity.

It was to be a contest in speed between a five-ounce ball delivered with all the force of a superb pitching arm and the 170-pound body of Moriarty. That was something of a contest.

All these considerations are in the mind of Moriarty. He sees the Cleveland pitcher winding up his arm — round and round it swings — he poises himself — there is yet a fraction of a second in which he can recall the pitch. Moriarty is crouched like a tiger about to spring — Now! Now!

There is a white streak across the field !

A cloud of dust at the home plate !

The umpire stands with his hands extended, palms downward.

A great cheer echoes and reëchoes across the space of the park. Again and again it bursts forth. Thirty-six thousand eyes strain toward the man who is slapping the dust from his white uniform.

MORIARTY IS HOME !

You are one of the players. Perhaps you have reached First — completed the primary school. It may be that by the fair promise of your own good gifts you have reached the sixth grade and are on Second. Then, by the sacrifices of your parents, you are going to graduate — have advanced to Third.

Don't die on Third.

What are you doing to win the score that life is ready to mark up against your name? Third base has no laurels on which you can rest. What are you doing to get away from Third? Are you waiting for some one to bat you in? Suppose he misses; his miss is yours too. If you depend on some one else, his failure will be yours.

What are you doing on Third? Waiting for something to turn up? Don't. Nothing turns up, but the thumbs of thousands of men who watch you may turn down, and make you a failure forever. Moriarty would not have scored had he waited, for Mullin didn't hit the ball, and that run was absolutely necessary to save the game. That run was gained in a fraction of time but the difference between success and failure is

very often measured in seconds. A few months more of school might bring you to business — enable you to score!

Don't die on Third.

Had Moriarty been out the night before he would have played the game sleepily; but Moriarty does not go out nights. He does not smoke or drink. He goes to church on Sunday. He knows that a clean life means a clear head. He respects his body and his mind, keeps both under control of a strong will and they all in turn serve him up to the last fraction of their power.

Moriarty's run was not a foolhardy dash. It was not a toss-up with luck. It was pure headwork. Any fool can get on base by luck, but only a trained body and an alert mind could have stolen home right under the nose of the catcher whose hands were closing over the ball. Even a game means work. Work itself is a game, and has its rules, as it has sudden openings. Bring to Third every bit of your honest strength, master every worthy art, get to work, and don't think of your luck until you hear the umpire call "Safe."

Then you will score all right.

And that is the story of success in any game. Do not get stranded at Third; that is what helps to win, whether on the diamond or in the schoolroom. In every walk of life, scoring always counts.

CIVIC CREED FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE GREAT REPUBLIC

God hath made one blood all nations of men, and we are his children, brothers and sisters all. We are citizens of this United States and we believe our flag stands for self-sacrifice for the good of all people. We want, therefore, to be true citizens of our great country and will show our love for her by our works. Our country does not only ask us to *die* for her welfare — she asks us to *live* for her, and so to live and so to act that her government may be pure, her officers honest, and every corner of her territory a place fit to grow the best men and women, who shall rule over her.

A WIND THAT BLOWS FROM PICARDY

BY PAUL SCOTT MOWRER

(Reprinted by permission.)

BLACK-EYED girl in the garden-close,
Hemming the sheet so fine and white,
Why do you start when falls a rose?
The full-blown rose was his delight.

Brown-haired woman, tired and wan,
Pressing a babe to the heavy breast —
The breast he loved to slumber on —
Why do you stir with vague unrest?

Gray-haired mother, kneeling alone,
Plucking the weeds from the pansy bed —
The gentle flowers he called his own —
Why do you pause and lift your head?

A wind that blows from Picardy —
From Picardy, where lie the slain —
A wind that blows from Picardy
Is breathing low beside the lane.

CARRY ON

(Courtesy of *The Boys' World*.)

WE like this phrase of the trenches. It would be hard to find two words that could mean more to the men "over there." The officer calls them to his troops as he goes ahead of them into battle. The wounded man whispers them to the comrade who pauses to help him. The man who has been so badly hurt that he must go back home leaves this as his parting message to his country. The dying murmur it as a sacred trust.

Carry on. Back here at home we sometimes do our bit in a spiritless way, because we lack the thrill of heroism. But "carry on" is for all of us: the farmer who is adding to the food supply, the back-lot gardener, the child with a sweet tooth who is saving sugar without a grumble, the woman putting in long hours at Red Cross work, the young people who accept hardships and deprivations with a smile, the boy who stays in school when he longs to be at the front. What does "carry on" mean to *you*?

TRUE LIBERTY

BY J. C. ROBERTSON

PEOPLE talk of Liberty as if it meant the liberty to do just what a man likes. I call that man free who is able to rule himself. I call him free who fears doing wrong, but fears nothing else. I call that man free who has learned the most blessed of all truths — that liberty consists in obedience to law. He is not free because he does what he likes, but he is free because he does what he ought.

Some people think there is no liberty in obedience. I tell you there is no liberty except in loyal obedience. Did you ever see a mother kept at home, a kind of prisoner, by her sick child, obeying its every want and every wish? Will you call that mother a slave? Or is this the obedience of slavery? I call it the obedience of the highest liberty — that of love.

We hear a great deal in these days about rights. I can see nothing very noble in a man who is forever going about calling for his rights. The cry of, “my rights and your duties,” we should change to something nobler. If we can say, “my duties and your rights,” we shall learn what real liberty is.

THE MOTHER

BY PADRAIC H. PEARSE

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I do not grudge them : Lord, I do not grudge
My two strong sons that I have seen go out
To break their strength and die, they and a few,
In bloody protest for a glorious thing,
They shall be spoken of among their people,
The generations shall remember them,
And call them blessed ;
But I will speak their names to my own heart
In the long nights ;
The little names that were familiar once
Round my dead hearth.
Lord, thou art hard on mothers :
We suffer in their coming and their going :
And tho I grudge them not, I weary, weary
Of the long sorrow — and yet I have my joy ;
My sons were faithful, and they fought.

HELPING TO WIN THE WAR

IN what ways can those of us who stay at home help to win the war?

First, by seeking to understand clearly what the war means; by remembering that our country is fighting to keep that freedom which Washington won for us; by keeping in mind the thought that the blood of our soldiers, the struggles of our armies, the working of our fields and factories, and the spending of millions of dollars are all to secure for us and the world, peace and happiness, freedom and safety.

Second, by promptly and cheerfully obeying the laws and doing those things which our Government tells us we must do to win the war.

Third, by neither saying ourselves, nor repeating anything others have said that will weaken our Government, or create dissatisfaction, division, and discouragement among our own people, or give aid, and comfort, and encouragement to the enemy.

Fourth, by avoiding all kinds of waste and extravagance, especially of food and clothing, so there will be enough for our own needs and for the even greater needs of our brave soldiers and of their brave allies who are fighting for the same cause as ourselves — the cause of human freedom.

Fifth, by faithfully and cheerfully doing our daily tasks however humble they be, at home, at school, on the farm, or wherever our duties call us.

WE ARE THE GARRISON GUARDING THE HOMELAND

BY IDA REED-SMITH

WE are the garrison guarding the homeland,
We who remain when the troops march away.
Steadfast, we turn to the task that awaits us,
Lifting the burden anew every day.
One to the counter and one to the kitchen,
One to the cradle and one to the loom ;
Each in his own place a service can render,
Each in his own place — and ample the room !

We are the garrison guarding the homeland,
Foes of extravagance, idleness, waste,
Allies of industry, order, economy, —
Working with cheerfulness, diligence, haste,
One in the hospital, one in the schoolroom,
One in the office and one in the field.
Holding the fort of Democracy's stronghold
'Gainst every force that a despot can wield.

We are the garrison guarding the homeland, —
Close up the ranks, then, nor stop to bewail.
This is no time for complaint or repining,
Seize Opportunity ! Dare not to fail !

One with the motor and one with the needle,
One with a garden and one with a pen ;
All for humanity banded together, —
Holding the fort until Peace comes again.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

THE secret of success is *hard work*. People do not become successful or rich by luck. You are just about as likely to become successful or rich by good luck as you are to be struck by lightning; and the one would do you about as much good as the other. The secret of success is hard work.

There are a great many people in the world to-day who do not like hard work; who think of it and talk of it as if hard work means misery; who think that the successful man is the man who doesn't have to work at all, or very little. As a matter of fact, when we look at the history of the world and of the great nations of the world, we find that it is work that makes *nations* prosperous and great. Where do the great nations live? Do they live in the tropics, where the people don't have to work much to get a living? No. They live where they have to work hard for food, for shelter, and for clothes. They live in the temperate zones, where work can conquer the difficulties that nature puts in the way of the human race. No nation becomes great until it works steadily.

It is the same with individuals as with nations. There isn't a man or woman in the world who has reached fame and fortune who wasn't a glutton for work and who did not work harder at every step on the way up than he or she did before. Success is not the

result of luck or genius. It is the result of continuous, patient toil. Somebody has said that genius is just an unusual capacity for hard work. A few years ago when Marconi succeeded in sending messages across the ocean without a wire, everybody called him a "wizard." So far as that goes, the first man who sent messages with a wire was as much of a "wizard." The truth is that the pioneer of telegraphy with a wire, and the pioneer of telegraphy without a wire, are both better than "wizards." They are men who exemplified the virtue of hard, persevering work, a good deal of it drudgery, and who accomplished wonderful things because they labored for wonderful things. Wizards exist in fairy tales. They are old men, with long beards, dressed in flowing robes; their chief equipment is a wand, and by waving it, they produce all manner of marvels. Marconi and Edison are nothing of the sort. Producing marvels by flourishes and incantations is not in their line at all. They go into their laboratories and work for years in obscurity. They study and experiment and think. They try and fail, and try and fail, and try and fail, and after a long time and many disappointments, they succeed. They are miracles of genius, because they are miracles of labor. That is all the wizardry there is about Marconi or Edison, or about any other man who develops a great discovery.

Don't be downhearted at the thought of having to work all your life. Everybody who amounts to a row of pins works all the time, and would be miserable if he couldn't. Get out of your head this old super-

stitution that labor is a curse. The real curse of the world is idleness. Abolish idleness and at a stroke most of the sins and the waste of the world would disappear. And don't be afraid to work hard while you work. If you work less hard than you are capable of working you cheat your employer and you cheat yourself. It's like the boy in school who shirks his task. He thinks he's cheating his teacher, but he's really cheating himself. Don't be afraid of doing more than you're required to do. People who never do more than they're paid for, never get paid for as much as they do. Don't make the mistake of thinking that because you are only one among thousands of other workers your good work will not find you out. Your work is bound to find you out. Go over the list of the men who are to-day the presidents of great railway systems and great industrial plants and in nine cases out of ten you will find that they entered the business as boys in the very lowest positions. And their work found them out even in such humble places.

There's as much room at the top to-day as there ever was, and you get there the same old way. The only way to get to the top is to work as hard as you know how at the bottom. The young man who keeps one eye on his work and the other on the clock, or the young woman who keeps one eye on her work and another on her pocket mirror, cannot hope to get anywhere. And the man or woman whose only interest in his or her work is the weekly pay-envelope will never get anywhere. What the world is looking for — searching for, because there are never enough to go around — is in-

telligence, industry, loyalty, and ambition. And those are the things the business world is paying big money for. It is responsibility and efficiency that earn the big salaries. Don't delude yourself with the idea that because you are only one in the great army of workers there's no chance for you to rise. It was said, you know, of Napoleon's armies that every common soldier carried in his knapsack the baton of a marshal. It is just so of every soldier in the vast army of industrial workers. Go over the list of the great railroad systems, the great industrial plants, the great commercial enterprises, and you'll generally find at the head of them a man who went into it at the very bottom — a man whose superior industry, intelligence, thrift, and loyalty to the job changed the private into an officer and moved him on to the highest rank there was. These men carried in their knapsacks the baton of a marshal.

MY PATRIOTIC CREED

BY ELIAS LIEBERMAN

(Courtesy of *New York Times*.)

I BELIEVE

In my country and her destiny,
In the great dream of her founders,
In her place among the nations,
In her ideals.

I believe

That her democracy must be protected,
Her privileges cherished,
Her freedom defended.

I believe

That, humbly before the Almighty,
But proudly before all mankind,
We must safeguard her standard,
The vision of her Washington,
The martyrdom of her Lincoln,
With the patriotic ardor
Of the minutemen
And the boys in blue
Of her glorious past.

I believe

In loyalty to my country,
Firm, unchanging, absolute.

Thou in whose sight
A thousand years are but as yesterday
And as a watch in the night,
Help me
In my weakness
To make real
What I believe.

OUR duty is to keep step with one another as a united nation until our task is accomplished, to keep step with our brave men and generals at the front, and those of our allies, until at last that peace is won, not for ourselves, but for those who shall come after us, in order that the world may be redeemed, in order that freedom may be established, in order that war shall be no more.

— E. S. ROUSMANIERE

FLAG O' MY LAND

BY T. A. DALEY

(Author of "Canzoni," "Carmina," and other books of verse.)

UP to the breeze of the morning I fling you,
Blending your folds with the dawn in the sky ;
There let the people behold you, and bring you
Love and devotion that never shall die.
Proudly, agaze at your glory, I stand,
Flag o' my land ! Flag o' my land !

Standard most glorious. Banner of beauty.
Whither you beckon me there will I go,
Only to you, after God, is my duty ;
Unto no other allegiance I owe.
Heart of me, soul of me, yours to command,
Flag o' my land ! Flag o' my land !

Pine to palmetto and ocean to ocean,
Though of strange Nations we get our increase,
Here are your worshipers one in devotion,
Whether the bugles blow battle or peace,
Take us and make us your patriot band,
Flag o' my land ! Flag o' my land !

MAKERS OF THE FLAG

By HON. FRANKLIN K. LANE, Secretary of the Interior

(Abridged.)

THIS morning, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say : "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a Government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice, "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter ; whichever one of these useful people you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words :

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico ; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle

which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prizes this summer.

“Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night, to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

“Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag.”

“But,” I said impatiently, “these people were only working.”

Then came a great shout from The Flag :

“The work that we do is the making of the flag.

“I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.

“I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

“I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a people may become.

“I am the Constitution and the courts, soldier, and dreadnaught, drayman, and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

“I am no more than what you believe me to be, and I am all that you believe I can be.

“I am what you make me; nothing more.

“My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so, out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making.”

THE FLAG IN PEACE AND IN WAR

BY J. C. MUERMAN

WE cannot say that our flag is the oldest flag among civilized nations, for Denmark claims that honor, but to every loyal American it is the *best flag* that floats.

Our flag celebrates its natal day June 14, for on the 14th day of June, 1777, the Congress of the United States passed the following: "Resolved, that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

On May 1, 1795, Congress changed the number of stars and stripes from thirteen to fifteen, to recognize the admission of two new states, Vermont and Kentucky. This flag was the "Star-Spangled Banner" that inspired Francis Scott Key to write the song that custom is making the greatest of our national songs.

More states were admitted, but the fifteen stars and stripes remained unchanged until April 4, 1818, when Congress decreed that the stripes should be thirteen, and that the stars should represent the states, each new state adding a new star to the flag on July 4 following its admission to the Union.

The arrangement of the stars in the blue field or canton has never been subject to Congressional action, but by custom has been left to army and navy regulations.

The present form — six horizontal rows of eight stars each — was recommended July 4, 1912.

A foreigner once, in commenting upon the beauty of the flag, remarked that he did not consider the flag of the United States beautiful, as it so much resembled “checker board” candy, to which an American quickly replied: “Yes, and woe to the foreign power that tries to lick it.”

The flag was first unfurled at Fort Stanwix, the present site of the city of Rome, New York, August 3, 1777. First carried in battle at Cooch’s Bridge near Wilmington, Del., September 3, 1777. Contrary to general belief the stars and stripes were not generally carried by the army into battle until about 1841. National standards and regimental colors led the armies to victory.

The flag first went into action on the sea September 4, 1777.

There seems to be some difference of opinion regarding the first vessel to fly the national flag, but it is conceded that in Quiberon Bay on the coast of France, February 14, 1778, our flag was first saluted by the French.

What an opportunity this war affords us to show our gratitude and appreciation to our sister republic for the honor she bestowed upon our flag one hundred forty years ago!

The good ship *Columbia* in 1787 carried our flag around the world with its first message of peace and good will to all nations.

The closed ports of Nippon opened in peace to greet

the flag of Commodore Perry, and an American bearing almost the same name planted it at the north pole, after suffering incredible hardships.

Stanley carried it into darkest Africa in 1871.

In May, 1812, a log school-building in western Massachusetts first displayed "Old Glory." This name was given the flag, we are told, by Captain William Driver of the brig *Charles Daggett*. The occasion was upon the presentation of a beautiful flag for the brig. As the captain unfurled the banner to the breeze he exclaimed "Old Glory!" and "new glories" are being added daily as our regiments reach the other side in safety.

While we respect our flag in times of peace, place it in prominent positions, fly it from our public buildings, display it everywhere on flag days, a declaration of war brings to it an even greater significance and reverence.

A story is told of General Grant that once during a political campaign he observed his picture attached to the flag. The general immediately requested its removal, saying no man was great enough to have his picture on the national emblem. Two Federal laws protect the flag, one approved February 20, 1905, provides that no trade mark can be registered "which consists of the flag, coat of arms, or other insignia of the United States or any simulation thereof." The other law approved February 8, 1917, provides certain penalties for the desecration, mutilation, or improper use of the flag in the District of Columbia. The flag is, however, protected by state laws and by Regulation 12 of the proclamation of the President issued April 6, 1917.

A Spanish officer who took part in the Spanish-American war against the United States once remarked to the writer: "I admire the reverence, honor, and respect you Americans give to your flag, — it is distinctly your own, all else you have borrowed from Europe."

Our schools should review the pledges given to the flag as a part of every morning exercise. When there are many pupils of foreign birth the following patriotic pledge from "The Story of Our Flag" by Wayne Whipple contains sentiments that breathe the true spirit of Americanism.

"Flag of our great Republic, inspirer in battle, guardian of our homes, whose stars and stripes stand for bravery, purity, truth, and union, we salute thee, we the natives of distant lands, who find rest under thy folds, do pledge our hearts, our lives, and sacred honor, to love and protect thee, our country, and the liberty of the American people, forever."

Time changes nations as well as individuals, — old enemies become friends. The nation that aided us in compiling several interesting chapters in our country's history, in 1776 and 1812, shares the views of the chief executive of the United States in 1917, regarding the rights of smaller nations to exist unmolested by any "tyrant" or "bully" no matter what flimsy excuse he may offer.

This friendly national feeling is not the growth of a day or of a night; bound by a common language we understand each other better. As early as 1871 there were published in London by George Showers, Esq.,

sentiments that apply to the present as well as to the past. The author had just received from an American student a copy of the poem "The Star-Spangled Banner." To the sentiments expressed in our familiar song he replied :

"But hush'd be that strain ! They are Foes no longer ;
Lo, Britain the right hand of Friendship extends,
And Albion's fair Isle we behold with affection,
The land of our Fathers, the land of our Friends.
Long, long may ye flourish, Columbia and Britain,
In amity still may your children be found
And Star-Spangled Banner and Union Jack ever
Wave free and triumphant the wide world around."

Coöperation with the Allies "somewhere in France" is gratifying; unity of purpose and aim against a common foe blends the flags of every civilized nation and cements the bonds of friendship with our kinsmen across the seas.

Here at home, if possible, especially since the war with Spain, the Union is stronger.

"Here's to the blue of the wind-swept North
When we meet on the fields of France ;
May the spirit of Grant be with you all
As the sons of the North advance.

Here's to the gray of the sun-kissed South
When we meet on the fields of France ;
May the spirit of Lee be with you all
As the sons of the South advance.

And here's to the blue and gray as one
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of God be with us all
As the sons of the flag advance."

AND for your country, boy, and for that flag, never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look to another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother.

—EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

ODE TO THE FLAG

BY CHARLES C. CRELLIN

STARS of the early dawning, set in a field of blue ;
Stripes of the sunrise splendor, crimson and white of hue ;
Flag of our fathers' fathers born on the field of strife,
Phoenix of fiery battle risen from human life ;
Given for God and freedom, sacred, indeed, the trust
Left by the countless thousands returned to the silent
dust.

Flag of a mighty nation waving aloft unfurled ;
Kissed by the sun of heaven, caressed by the winds of
the world ;
Greater than kingly power, greater than all mankind ;
Conceived in the need of the hour, inspired by the
Master Mind ;
Over the living children, over the laureled grave,
Streaming on high in the cloudless sky, banner our
fathers gave.

Flag of a new-born era, token of every right
Wrung from a tyrant power, unawed by a tyrant's
might ;
Facing again the menace outflung from a foreign shore,
Meeting again the challenge as met in the years before ;
Under thy spangled folds thy children await to give
All that they have or are that the flag they love shall
live.

SOLDIERS ALL

BY WILL C. WOOD

THE people of the United States of America have again taken up arms to uphold the honor of the nation. After almost three years of wonderful patience, the American people have joined the forces of world democracy fighting for their lives. Already thousands of American soldiers and sailors have given their lives for America and democracy. We are now engaged in the greatest and fiercest war that the world has ever witnessed — a struggle engaging the utmost energies of the world's greatest nations.

Our President has called every American to serve his country. He has said that the issue of battle depends not alone upon the armies on the battlefield, but quite as much upon the millions of people who remain at home. We must supply our soldiers and the soldiers of our allies with arms, ammunition, and food. The people of European countries who are fighting with us in a common cause must be fed. To America the world is looking for the things that make victory possible. If we do our part, victory seems sure; if we fail in this great world crisis, the battle for freedom and democracy may be lost. The future of the world depends upon America and her resources.

The young people enrolled in the schools of America will not fail to answer their country's call. One hundred thousand strong they will answer, each in the way best suited to his strength and ability. Many boys will take the places of men who are called to the colors. Many girls will help their country by organizing clubs to sew for the Red Cross. Each must "do his bit" in this great world conflict in which our nation is battling for the rights of humankind. The help of every man, woman, and child in America is needed at this hour. Let us all enlist as helpers in this great war, doing what we can to serve our beloved country. Let us bend all our energies to the end of victory. America expects each one of us to do his duty.

THE LITTLE MOTHER

BY G. W. GABRIEL

(Courtesy of the *New York Sun*.)

A LITTLE mother lives over the way,
A little mother frail and gray.
And she cannot read and she cannot write,
But she sent her son to France to fight.

So every night I go over there,
And while she sits in her rocking-chair
I read her the names of the soldier dead,
And those of the wounded, that list so red.

She hears me, shaking, until I've done ;
Thank God, no mention *yet* of *her* son.
If I must read it, what shall I say
To the little mother over the way ?

The days must be long, and the nights long, too,
For all mothers now, and most to you,
Poor little mother, frail and gray,
Who cannot read but can only pray.

A NEWSBOY PATRIOT

BY MONTGOMERY ROLLINS

(By permission of the Author.)

“BUY a paper, Mister?”

“No, go along and give me room to get by!” was the disgruntled command of a hard-faced individual as he elbowed his way through the crowd on the station platform.

“Buy a paper, Mister?” the small boy repeated in a hopeful tone. This was addressed to a man standing near by and who had observed the rebuff experienced by the bright-faced youngster on his last attempt.

“Yes, I’ll take one,” passing over the two pennies.

“Thanks, Mister,” returned the boy, with an appreciative smile. “Hope I can sell six more!”

“Why six more?” the man inquired, looking fixedly at the little fellow.

“‘Cause that’ll make ten,” was the interested reply, “and then I’ll make five cents.”

Here their talk was interrupted when a new customer was secured and the supply further reduced.

“Only five more,” cried the boy in delight.

“But you sell more than ten every night, don’t you?” was the next question.

“Sure, I do,” was the laughing explanation, “I sold

out my regular number half an hour ago. I'm trying to sell ten extra every night now, and it's pretty hard work. One night I didn't do it, and got stuck with four papers."

"What are you trying to sell the extra ten for?" the man inquired. "Folks at home make you do it?"

"No, sir-ee, Mister, my folks aren't that kind. I'll tell you why I'm doing it —

"Here, Miss, don't you want an evening paper? *Star* — all the latest news; great Allied victory."

"Thanks, Miss," as he made the change. Then turning back to his first friend, he continued, "As I was trying to tell you, Mister, I've got a brother that's enlisted — and he's a corking brother, too. Well, he's gone over to France. About two weeks ago we had a letter from him. And say, Mister, he wrote a little one to me and sent it along with the other. I tell you, Ted's some brother, Ted is."

Sighting another prospective customer, the boy ran hastily down the platform crying out his wares. However, he met with disappointment this time, but, nevertheless, returned to his post in no wise disheartened.

The man encouraged a continuation of the narrative by asking, "But how about your extra ten papers?"

"Sure, Mister, I'm going to tell you about that. Well, my brother in France said that if we didn't all hustle and do our best over here to back up the war they might all be killed, or, what's worse, the Germans would lick us to a frazzle, and all them that weren't

killed or had their legs blown off, or nice little things like that, would get taken prisoners; and that'd be an awful lot worse."

"But what's that got to do with your selling papers?"

"Why, don't you see, Mister?" was the surprised answer. "I've got to sell so many papers every day, anyway, to help out at home. We're hard up against it more than ever since Ted went because he earned a lot more money here at home than he gets over there, and you see, father's dead" — the boy's face took on a serious look for an instant, before he continued. "But Ted's fixed things up so Uncle Sam sends mother most of his pay, and ten dollars a month besides. That's what the Government gives to a soldier's mother if he fixes up his papers right so as to get it."

At this point one more paper was sold, then the boy went on:

"Well, Mister, I haven't but three more to sell, then I can go and get some supper. But, as I was telling you, Ted said we'd got every last one of us over here to buy a Liberty Bond, somehow. I guess he didn't mean us — his own folks — though, because he's buying one himself on the pay so much a month plan. But, just the same, mother's going to buy one when the time comes. Course I couldn't buy a whole bond all by myself, but I'm not going to get left; you bet I'm not! So I'm selling ten extra papers a night, and saving five cents a day — almost every day," he said, wistfully, "and I'm putting it into Thrift Stamps. And just as soon as I get a dollar's worth, I'm going to write

Ted what I'm doing to back him up. He'll be sure to feel safer when he hears that."

"Here, boy, give me the rest of those papers," the man suddenly demanded. "Here's a dollar for you to back Ted up with." Then he strode quickly away.

Long that evening the man sat in his office figuring upon an endless number of sheets of paper. Finally he drew a breath of relief as he leaned back in his chair and clasped his hands back of his head. "Well, I can't see how I'm going to need that five hundred. If any one had told me this afternoon that I could spare any more money for this next Liberty Loan I would have told him that I couldn't rake up twenty-five dollars; that is, twenty-five I could spare. But I guess some of the things I was calculating to do in the way of fixing up the store can wait until we lick those murdering pirates over there in Europe. Yes, I'll take five hundred dollars of the bonds, I guess."

Then, after a long pause, he went on, "Just because a man hasn't any near kith nor kin of his own doesn't matter; others have, and I reckon Ted's got to be backed up."

KEEPING OUR LANGUAGE PURE

WHEREAS, The English language is a very precious thing, handed down to us through many centuries, — the language which has preserved for us in the world's great books all that man has ever thought or done or dreamed, and by which in turn all that we think and do and hope for must be handed on to those who come after us :

AND WHEREAS, The English language, as the language of our Country, must be the means by which our ideals of justice and honor and truth and liberty must be expressed to all the peoples of the world :

LET US RESOLVE, That it is our duty to love and respect our Country's language just as we love and respect our Country's flag ; to keep it pure by speaking it with the utmost care, holding every letter and every syllable of it as sacred as the stars in the blue field of the Flag ; to keep it free from all stain of misuse or abuse in speech and in writing ; to make ourselves, so far as we can, models for those who are learning our language, whether they be little children in our own homes and neighborhood or strangers to our land and our language ; to study always how to improve ourselves in our use of this wonderful instrument that God has given us, so that we may hand it on to those who come after us as pure and beautiful and unsullied as the Flag which we honor and love.



Courtesy of the Red Cross Magazine

DOING THEIR BIT
Children helping the Red Cross.

DO YOUR ALL

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

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“Do your bit!” How cheap and trite
Seems that phrase in such a fight!
“Do your bit!” That cry recall,
Change it now to “Do your all!”
Do your all, and then do more;
Do what you’re best fitted for;
Do your utmost, do and give,
You have but one life to live.

Do your finest, do your best,
Don't let up and stop to rest,
Don't sit back and idly say :
"I did something yesterday."
Come on ! Here's another hour,
Give it all you have of power.
Here's another day that needs
Everybody's share of deeds.

"Do your bit !" of course, but then
Do it time and time again ;
Giving, doing, all should be
Up to full capacity.
Now's no time to pick and choose,
We've a war we must not lose.
Be your duty great or small,
Do it well and do it all.

CLEAN INSIDE AND OUT

(From "The Glory of the Trenches" by LIEUT. CONINGSBY DAWSON.
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ONE of the things that help to keep a soldier up to the mark is what is known in the British Army as "spit and polish." Directly we pull out for a rest, we start to work washing and polishing. The chaps may have shown the greatest courage and endurance; it counts for nothing if they're untidy. The first morning, no matter what are the weather conditions, we hold an inspection; every man has to show up with his chin shaved, hair cut, leather polished and buttons shining. If he doesn't he gets into trouble.

There's a lot in it. You bring a man out from a tight corner where he's been in hourly contact with death and he's apt to think, "What's the use of taking pride in myself? I'm likely to be 'done in,' any day. It'll be all the same when I'm dead." But if he doesn't keep clean in his body, he won't keep clean in his mind. The man who has his buttons shining brightly and his leather polished, is usually the man who is brightly polished inside.

TUEBOR !

(I will defend !)

(By permission of the Michigan Department of Public Instruction.)

WE are at war. Our country has called the men of the nation to its defense. On the fifth of June ten million men reported ready for orders. Many have already gone, others are on the way, many will soon depart — all to fight the powerful foe across the sea. On the door of yonder home we read the sign :

A MAN FROM THIS HOUSE
IS IN FRANCE
FIGHTING FOR HIS COUNTRY

We are startled, pain grips us — for we know that at last war has crossed the threshold, banished joy, bid sorrow enter.

But as that fine company of men march away we feel the sober determination that speaks from their faces and at once we take courage for we know they will meet the terrors of the battlefield — death itself — as Americans always have when duty called.

I chanced the other day to travel a little way with an old man, a tried and true American. He was bound for his old home to celebrate his birthday where four-score years ago he was born. The brown button on his breast told me he was of the Grand Army of the Re-

public. I asked him about the service and he told me of four years of fighting for the Union — of battles, wounds, lingering death in prison pens, incredible suffering.

“That was a terrible trial!” I exclaimed. “I marvel that you lived through it.”

The old veteran replied simply: “I did my part. I obeyed orders.”

That speech comes to me again and again — I DID MY PART. I OBEYED ORDERS.

On the fourth of September Uncle Sam will call an army which surpasses all the armed hosts of Europe. More than twenty million boys and girls will report at the Public School, the training camp of American democracy.

And here are the orders of the Commander-in-Chief!

Boys and Girls of America! I have always need of you. You are my Grand Army of Preparedness. I summon you to your tasks for the safety of the Republic. The worst enemy in our land is the ignorant man or woman. You are to be intelligent men and women. Every time you get a lesson well you strike a blow at ignorance.

But to-day I am much in need of you. I am distressed by enemies across the sea. I depend upon you, Boys and Girls, to help destroy their power, for they would rob us of the liberty we enjoy.

How can you do this?

Every boy and girl that breathes deep, sleeps well, and eats right, serves our country.

Every boy that pulls a weed and plants a seed feeds an American boy in the trenches and, besides, puts food in the pantry while father is at the front.

Every girl that makes a bandage soothes a soldier's pain; and when she sweeps and dusts a room gives mother added strength to meet the care and grief that mothers always bear in cruel war.

Boys and Girls, be strong, work hard. Do the dishes and keep the woodbox full! On every home put up the sign:

THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF THIS HOUSE

DO THEIR PART —

THEY OBEY ORDERS

OUR flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings. Every color means liberty; every thread means liberty; every form of star and beam or stripe of light means liberty; not lawlessness, not license, but liberty through law, and law for liberty.

— BEECHER.

THE CREED OF THE YOUTHFUL PATRIOT

(Courtesy of *The Boys' World*.)

I AM proud that the United States of America is my country. Therefore, I believe that it is my bounden duty, as well as my high privilege, to be a patriotic citizen.

Accordingly, I believe that in all things I should conduct myself as if the welfare and honor of my country depended upon me alone.

I believe that I should make the best use of the educational opportunities so freely provided by my government, so that I may fit myself to be an intelligent and useful member of society. To be of greatest service, I believe that I should train myself for some special kind of business, trade, or profession.

I believe that I can never afford to do a mean, dishonorable, or immoral act, for by so doing I bring injury not only upon myself and the community in which I live, but also upon my country.

I believe that in all my dealings with others I should be strictly just, recognizing that others have rights equal to mine.

I believe that I should never look with contempt upon those who, because of lack of wealth or opportunity, might seem less worthy than me, for true democracy regards all men as brothers.

I believe that I should study deeply the past history of my country, in order that I may the better appreciate the price of liberty and the better emulate the lives of those men whose statesmanship and heroism have made possible the greatness of our Republic.

I believe that I should make it my business to be informed concerning every question before my city, my state, and the nation ; and upon every such question I believe I should take a stand for what is true and right and just.

I believe that I should take upon myself, to the extent of my ability, the help of the unfortunate and the improvement of all the conditions under which people live and move : since my country promises a larger and better life for all men, I, a true citizen of my country, must be my brother's keeper.

I believe that peace, instead of war, is the state desirable for the good of my country. But I believe also that when my country's honor is at stake, and through my country, not only her democracy, but the democracy of the world, is in peril, that war is not only necessary but just. Wherefore, should my country be called to fight another, or other nations, I believe that it is the highest privilege that can ever come to me, to offer up property, my services, and if need be, my life for my country.

PROMOTED

BY JOHN OXENHAM

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In the North Sea Battle, May 31, 1916,

JOHN TRAVERS CORNWELL,

First-Class Boy, H. M. S. *Chester*.

(The Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet, in submitting to the Admiralty his Report of the Jutland Bank Battle, includes the following instance of devotion to duty recorded by Sir David Beatty :—

“A report from the Commanding Officer of ‘Chester’ gives a splendid instance of devotion to duty. Boy (First-Class) John Travers Cornwell, of ‘Chester,’ was mortally wounded early in the action. He nevertheless remained standing alone at a most exposed post, quietly awaiting orders till the end of the action, with the gun’s crew dead and wounded all around him. His age was under $16\frac{1}{2}$ years. I regret that he has since died, but I recommend his case for special recognition in justice to his memory, and as an acknowledgment of the high example set by him.”)

THERE was his duty to be done,—

And he did it.

No thought of glory to be won ;

There was his duty to be done,—

And he did it.

Wounded when scarce the fight begun,

Of all his fellows left not one ;

There was his duty to be done,—

And he did it.

Death's fiery hail he did not shun,
Fearless he stood, unmoved, alone,
Beside his eager, useless gun ;
There was his duty to be done, —

And he did it.

Britain be proud of such a son ! —
Deathless the fame that he has won.
Only a boy, — but such a one ! —
Standing for ever to his gun ;
There was his duty to be done, —

And he did it.

Let every soul in all the land
Revere his steadfast loyalty.
Britain shall all unconquered stand
While she can breed such sons as he.
His brave, short life was nobly planned
On lines of perfect fealty,
His death fulfilled his KING'S command,
“Aye ready be to come to ME !”

And he did it.

THE SUBSTITUTE

BY MARY WELLS

(By courtesy of *The Youths' World*.)

"YOU see it's like this," said David confidentially to his friend, Captain Harmon, "we're pretty poor up at our house this summer. Father was sick so long last winter, and hospitals and doctors cost a lot of money. Then we had to shingle the roof, 'cause it leaked right through into our upstairs. Besides, everything costs so much now. Mother says it's ap— appalling. I guess that's the word."

The captain nodded affirmatively.

"It's kind of hard to be poor when you want to help," said David with a little sigh.

The captain surveyed sympathetically the freckled little face and the sturdy figure in the shabby little suit. David was ten and the captain was seventy, but what is a trifling matter of age when heart speaks to heart?

The captain, David, and Mac were sitting on the porch of the captain's little brown house. To speak more accurately, the captain and David were sitting; Mac was lying with his head on his outstretched paws. Mac was a curly brown spaniel, with the brownest of loving brown eyes. David's uncle had given him to his nephew on David's tenth birthday. David had promptly christened him Macdonald from Uncle Mac

himself. Now Mac was as much a part of the family as mother, father, or baby Jamie. In David's leisure hours he and Mac were inseparable. They often visited the captain, who liked dogs as well as small boys.

The captain had been in the Civil War and had been wounded in the battle of Gettysburg. Sometimes he would take down the two cavalry swords above the mantle, and while David held them he would tell about the terrible cannonading on that last eventful day, about Pickett's gallant charge, and about the equally gallant repulse by the boys in blue. David's cheeks would glow and his eyes would sparkle. The captain had given David his soldier's cap and three confederate bills. These treasures David kept very carefully in a box in his own room.

They did not talk so much about the Civil War now, however, for a greater and more terrible conflict furnished them topics for discussion. On this particular evening they were talking about the Liberty Bond and Red Cross campaigns then going on in the town of Stillwater.

"What do you think," said David excitedly, "Jack Harris and Bennie Sherman both have Liberty Bonds!" David's tone was awe-struck. "Their fathers bought them. The boys had their buttons on at school. Bennie has three buttons! The Liberty Bond one, and a Red Cross button, and a kind of shield."

There was not a trace of envy in David's voice, only admiration and gladness for his fortunate schoolmates who had been able to help.

"I'm going to have my Red Cross button to-morrow," he went on happily. "It took quite a while to earn it. I carried the milk for Mr. Gladman one morning and I weeded Miss Bailey's asparagus-bed. Then I did an errand for Mrs. Johnson, and I piled up some wood for Mr. Smith. He's been cutting down that big apple tree in his garden; and to-day I got some cowslip greens for old Mrs. Merriam."

David checked off the items on his stubby little fingers.

"I'll come down and show you the button when I get it."

"Do," said the captain. "I want to see it."

"It isn't as big as yours," said David, his eye on the emblem in the captain's buttonhole, "and it fastens with a pin; but it's a pretty one."

"I wish I was old enough to go to war," said David after a moment's silence.

"And I wish I were young enough," said the captain. "Reckon we'll have to find a substitute, David."

"Do you know another thing I wish?" said David earnestly.

"What do you wish, David?"

"You know that Confederate money that you gave me? Well, I just wish it was real. I'd give it all to the war. It would help quite a little, wouldn't it, Captain Harmon?"

"It would equip one soldier, David; and it would do other things too."

"Wouldn't it be great to think you had a soldier all your own over in France!" exclaimed David. "It

would be next best to being there yourself — only I shouldn't want my soldier to get killed," he added soberly, "and he'd be pretty liable to."

"I'm afraid he would," acknowledged the captain.

"But I guess getting killed for your country is different from getting killed other ways," said David after a moment's reflection.

The old man, who more than half a century before had risked his young life for his country's sake, laid his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Yes, David lad, our country is first. For it we must pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

"I know," said David, "that's the Declaration of Independence. We learned it in the history class."

"That's the spirit of sacrifice," said the old man, "to give what we hold most dear. You and I can't go to war, David, but there'll be something for us to do. Every one will have his part."

Aroused by the ring in the captain's voice, Mac opened his eyes and thumped the piazza floor with his tail.

"Mac is saying 'Me too,'" said David, smiling up at the captain. "We mustn't leave him out, must we, old fellow?" and David put his tanned little hand on his friend's head.

"Hello, captain!" cried a cheerful voice. "What's the topic under discussion, and who is this? Bless my soul if it isn't little David McPherson. We do grow up!"

The speaker, a broad-shouldered young man with

merry blue eyes, was shaking hands with the captain, whose face was radiant with pleasure.

"Well, well, Jimmie Coleman! When did you come?"

"Motored over from Saltillo this afternoon. Came up on business. It seems like old times to see a youngster sitting on these steps. I almost thought I was looking at myself and my Rab. You remember how Rab and I used to come down to hear your war stories, don't you, captain? This dog is the living image of him. Hi, old fellow, shake hands and be friends! That's right!" he exclaimed delightedly, as Mac obligingly held out his paw, at the same time wagging his tail in friendly greeting.

Jimmie turned to David. "Is he your dog, sonnie?"

David nodded shyly. "He knows some more tricks, too. He can jump through my hands and play dead, and sit up and beg, and a lot of other things."

"You don't say. Rab all over! If ever you want to get rid of him, David, just bring him up to the house. I'll buy him."

At the mere mention of parting with Mac, David looked so horrified that Jimmie Coleman laughed outright.

"I guess there is not much chance of my getting the dog," he said.

"I reckon not," said the captain.

Meanwhile David, with true courtesy, had risen to give way to the new visitor.

"I think mother will be looking for Mac and me, Captain Harmon, so I'll say good night. I'll be up

to-morrow to show you the pin. Good night, Mr. Jimmie."

The two watched the little form as it trudged up the street.

"Me all over," said Jimmie. A wistful look came into his eyes as he turned to his old friend.

"Well, captain, I dropped in to tell you that —"

But even before Jimmie spoke the captain knew what he had to tell.

When David McPherson reached home that night he lingered for some time in the woodshed, where Mac had his bed in a box on a layer of old carpet. When he had seen his friend comfortably established for the night, he went into the living room. His face was sober, and his answers to his mother's questions were brief. It was evident to her sympathetic understanding that David had something on his mind. She said as much to David's father, who sat on the other side of the table reading.

"David is Atlas. He's carrying the weight of the war on his shoulders." But though he laughed, there was a tender inflection in father's voice.

Later David's mother slipped softly into his room, shading the bedroom candle with her hand. David lay sleeping quietly, his cheek resting on his brown hand. There were traces of tears on the freckled little face, but his lips were parted in a smile.

The next morning David ate little breakfast, but he presided over Mac's morning repast with unusual care. Then he brushed the curly coat till it shone like silk. Afterward he spoke to his mother.

"I've got an errand up to Mr. Jimmie Coleman's, mother. I'll tell you about it when I get back."

"All right, David," she said quietly. She had not lived ten years with David without learning to trust him.

The old Coleman homestead stood back from Elm Street among beautiful lawns and gardens. The Colemans did not live there all the time, but came up from the big city to spend the summers. Mr. Jimmie Coleman had finished his college course and had already been one year in the law school, preparatory to entering his father's profession.

This morning he was sitting on the porch swing, reading a little brown book. So engaged was he in the "Manual of Arms," for that was the name of the volume, that he did not notice the approach of a visitor till a voice said timidly:

"If you please, Mr. Jimmie."

James Coleman looked up quickly to see David and Mac standing at the foot of the steps.

"Why, good morning, David. How are you this morning? Have a seat. Did you want to see me?"

David remained standing. "I came to see you," he said hurriedly, as if he must get the words out as quickly as possible, "if you really want to buy Mac, like you said."

James Coleman looked down with astonishment at David, whose face was pale through his freckles.

"Do you want to sell him?" he said after a moment's pause.

David shook his head, not trusting himself to speak, and Jimmie waited.

"I don't want to sell him," said David finally, "but you see it's like this. I — I want to help in the war, and Mac's all I've got. When you said you would like to buy him it came into my mind, all of a sudden, that this was my chance, only — I — had to take — a little time to think it over." David swallowed hard.

Mr. Jimmie was silent for a moment, his eyes resting on the "Manual of Arms."

"What will you sell him for?" he said at last quietly.

"He cost five dollars when he was a puppy, so I guess he's worth more now," said David. "Do you think ten dollars is too much, Mr. Jimmie?"

James Coleman looked at Mac as if considering. "I think he's worth more than that, David. You see he has grown considerable since he was a puppy. I shall be glad to buy him." He took out his pocket-book, selected three crisp bills, and put them into David's hand. "I think that's about right," he said.

David did not look at the money clutched tightly in his hand.

"Thank you, Mr. Jimmie," he said. Then he stood up straight, a pathetic little figure in the summer sunshine. "I think you'll have to shut him in the garage or keep him tied for a time. You see he's grown sort of used to me."

"Of course," said Jimmie. "Let me see. Suppose you take him around to the carriage-house, David."

Jimmie Coleman did not wish to be present at the parting between David and his friend. Not for worlds would he do or say anything to break down David's

hard-fought-for composure, nor would he in any way detract from the boyish sacrifice.

A little later David walked into the living-room of his home and straight up to his mother, who was bending over Jamie, putting on a shoe the baby had kicked off. David pressed into her hands the bills he had received from Mr. Jimmie Coleman. There were two twenties and a ten!

"Why David boy, what is this?" cried his mother.

In halting words David told his story; then, unmindful of his ten years, he cast himself into his mother's protecting arms and wept. His mother held him very close, her own eyes wet.

"Mother's precious son," she whispered.

"I—I wanted to do it!" sobbed David. "My country is first; but I think an awful lot of Mac. It was like selling Jamie."

At the mention of his name, the baby crowed gleefully and put out his chubby hand to pat David's cheek.

"And what will you do with the fifty dollars, David?" said his mother, as David sat up and wiped his eyes.

"Fifty dollars, mother!" said David. "Is it fifty dollars?"

His mother pointed to the figures on the bills.

"Do you suppose Mr. Jimmie made a mistake?"

"I don't believe so, David. I think he knew what he was doing."

"Mac's an awfully fine dog," said David, with such pride in his accents that mother was obliged to bend over Jamie to hide a smile.

"Fifty dollars will equip one soldier. Captain Harmon said so. And he'll be my soldier and — Mac's," added David with a little tremble of his lips. "Do you suppose Mr. Jimmie will take Mac to New York, mother?"

"I can't tell, David. You know he's Mr. Coleman's dog now."

"Yes," said David, "I know."

It needed all the patriotism of David's little heart to make the next few days bearable without Mac. He learned the true meaning of sacrifice. He missed the friendly good-morning bark of his four-footed friend; he missed the brown eyes that used to turn to him so lovingly; he missed the ecstatic wag of the tail with which Mac was wont to greet him; he missed the feeling of the warm body snuggled up against his own. He missed him every moment of the day, and woke at night missing him.

Then something happened.

Jimmie Coleman did not take Mac to New York, for Jimmie himself had other plans, plans which he had discussed with Captain Harmon on the porch of the little brown house. One evening toward the end of the week there came a knock at the McPhersons' front door. David himself ran to answer it, but stood forgetting his manners at the sight of the figure in the doorway. It was Mr. Jimmie Coleman, dressed in khaki, with his hair cut close and a broad-brimmed hat in hand. He looked very trim and soldierly in his uniform.

"Good evening, David," he said cheerfully. Then he shook hands with David's father and mother.

"I've come to see David on a little matter of business," he explained. "I'm off for France in a day or two — ambulance corps. That is the quickest way of getting there, though I hope to join the regular army when I'm once over. I came up to see the old place and the old friends before I went. The family won't come this year."

Jimmie's face was sober as he thought of why his family would not be there.

"Now the question is what am I to do with Mac? I can't take him to France, and I shouldn't like to leave him in New York. I've been thinking it over, and I wonder if I could persuade David to look after him for me till — I get back?"

David looked at his father and mother, then at Mr. Jimmie. His freckled face shone.

"I'd just as soon as not, Mr. Jimmie!" he exclaimed.

Father, mother, and Jimmie smiled.

"That's a load off my mind," declared Mr. Jimmie. "You can come up and get him in the morning, David. And you must write to me how he and you are getting on. I'll send you my address when I get one. You must remember that I'm Mac's and your substitute."

It was evident that Jimmie had been talking to Captain Harmon.

Then Mr. Jimmie shook hands all around again. At the door mother said something to him that David did not hear, but Jimmie raised mother's hand to his lips. Then he strode off, whistling "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

Again the captain, David, and Mac sat on the porch of the little brown house; or again, to speak more accurately, Mac lay with his head on his outstretched paws. In the buttonhole of David's shabby little jacket were two buttons — the Red Cross emblem and a shining new Liberty Bond button. This meant to David that he had helped to equip a soldier for France.

That afternoon the captain, David, and Mac had all been to the station to see Mr. Jimmie Coleman off. Jimmie had started for France, stopping only in New York to say good-by to his family. David had waved till the train had rounded the bend and the khaki-clad figure had been lost to view.

Now he sat silent for a long time.

"Captain Harmon," he said at last, "I bet when Mr. Jimmie comes back he'll be a general."

The captain smiled a little in the twilight, but, loath to dampen the boy's ardor, said only, "Maybe — David."

Again David was silent. When he spoke again his voice was low.

"Captain Harmon," he said, "do you think Mr. Jimmie is — liable to get killed?"

The picture of the stalwart, earnest-eyed young man rose before the captain's eyes. He laid his hands on David's head, and his voice trembled a little.

"Jimmie is in his Maker's hands, David, and whatever happens to him he's fighting for his country."

"That's so," said David soberly; "but, somehow, it makes a lot of difference when your substitute is your friend, doesn't it, Captain Harmon?"

“All the difference in the world.”

“Mr. Jimmie gave me his picture in his uniform. I’ve put it on my bureau, and I’m going to work harder than ever to help.”

David put his arms around Mac. “And I’m going to take the best care in the world of — Mr. Jimmie’s dog!”

THE LONESOME FOLKS BACK HOME

BY ANNIE J. JOHNSON

(Courtesy of the *Boston Globe*.)

THEY are lonesome to-night, the folks back home,
For the boy who is "Over There,"
And their eyes grow dim, as they fill with tears,
When they see his vacant chair.
Ah! they were proud when he marched away,
Looking so brave and tall,
Ready and eager to do his bit,
As he answered his country's call
But they're lonesome to-night, the folks back home,
For the boy who is "Over There."

They would not have him stay away
When the call to the colors came.
No! had they fifty more, they say
They would want them to do the same.
Indeed, they would go themselves, if they could,
His trials and dangers to share.
But they're lonesome to-night, the folks back home,
For the boy who is "Over There."

They are praying to-night, the folks back home,
For the boy who is "Over There,"
And many a lad, as he faces the foes,
Is encompassed about far more than he knows,

By a mother's prayers to the God above,
Who is Mercy and Justice and Infinite Love.
For the God of the lonesome folks back home
Is the same God "Over There."

INTEGRITY and industry are the best possessions which any man can have, and every man can have them. Nobody can give them to him or take them from him. He cannot acquire them by inheritance; he cannot buy them or beg them or borrow them. They belong to the individual and are his unquestionable property. He alone can part with them. They are a good thing to have and to keep. They make happy homes; they achieve success in every walk of life; they have won the greatest triumphs for mankind. They will bring you a comfortable living and make you respect yourself and command the respect of your fellows. They are indispensable to success. They are invincible. The merchant requires the clerk whom he employs to have them. The railroad corporation inquires whether the man seeking employment possesses them. Every avenue of human endeavor welcomes them. They are the only keys to open with certainty the door of opportunity to struggling manhood. Employment waits on them; capital requires them; citizenship is not good without them. If you don't already have them — get them.

— PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

“MIDSHIPMAN EASY”

HE WAS ONLY EIGHT YEARS OLD — BUT HE KNEW
THE RULE OF THE SEA

BY SYLVIA CHATFIELD BATES

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HIS name was Eliphalet Z. Todd, Jr.; he was eight years old and grown up for his age. Now Eliphalet is a long name for a baby, and his father was called 'Liph Todd. So the little boy became — as a joke at first — E. Z. Then, since his father was Lieutenant Todd of the United States Navy, it befell quite naturally that he was called Midshipman E. Z. — or Easy. There you have it — “Midshipman Easy!”

His mother was known as Commander Mary, the ranking officer, it may be observed, of the family.

Midshipman Easy had been brought up according to the best traditions of the Service and the sea. “Women and children first” — it might be said that he knew that law in his cradle; and also various other rules, laid down so that he might grow up to be an officer and a gentleman. Not to cry when you get hurt; to be kind to those who work for you; to keep a secret; to assume responsibility; always to be “on honor”; and to take care of your mother. These were a few of the things that he had been taught.

He had opportunity to put these rules into practice because he was left alone with his mother so much while his father had to be away at sea. The story he loved best to have his mother tell him during those absences was the one about how his father came home from a long, long voyage and found his little son, whom he had never seen, *one year old!* He adored his mother, his lovely auburn-haired Commander Mary, but his love for the tall father who came so seldom, and when he came drew him so close and told him about everything in the whole world and explained it, and knew everything, including the finest games, was like the love of a childlike man for his God. It was his greatest wish to be like his father, and next to that — for he considered that impossible — to do something while his father was away to make him proud of his son.

It almost seemed as if he might have an opportunity to do something big this time for Commander Mary, and so for his father; the question was — What? This time his father's going away was different from all the other times since Midshipman Easy could remember. And he knew why. He understood about the Great War, and he knew about submarines. (He despised an enemy that lurked unseen, striking from behind, and wished with all his gallantry that an American had not invented such a weapon.) When his father had brought them to the little red brick house in this strange new town and left them there, Commander Mary had been put especially in his care, with a most solemn explanation for his responsibility.

Then, there in the small parlor, newly settled, they had said good-by to his father, without anyone's crying, but with as many as three jokes, and had stood in the doorway to watch him down the street. Midshipman Easy had run to the gate and waved his hand and shouted until the tall blue figure was out of sight. Then he had returned to the parlor and told Commander Mary that she was very pretty, and she had clung to him hard.

That was as much as a month ago, before this story opens, and now it looked as if Midshipman Easy's wish would come true. There was something big to be done for — his father! . . . His father! . . . But he had never dreamed that it would be like this.

He sat on the front steps of the little red brick house and thought about it. . . . It has not been mentioned that Midshipman Easy was not beautiful to behold. He and his father — they had agreed to it — had left all the beautifying of the family to Commander Mary — and the Little Sister, if she ever came. Midshipman Easy had a great deal of very red hair, and he had golden-brown freckles. His nose was stubby and his chin was pushed forward beyond his upper lip. He had steady gray eyes. Except for his hair he looked exactly like his father. He was glad the Lord had done that much! . . . As he sat with his hands clasped about his knees, thinking, his steady eyes looking down the street, where his father had disappeared from sight around the corner a month ago, he felt a sick weight in his stomach just as if he had swallowed a flatiron whole. He was thinking

about Commander Mary, upstairs with — Bo Peep; and about something else that filled his heart with heavy foreboding, something in the newspaper.

For the Little Sister had really come; she had been here five days. And Commander Mary was very, very sick. And he understood that, even yet, if he were not very quiet and if anything happened to worry her or make her sorry, she might go away and leave him — go around another Corner, and never come back. The strange doctor, who had hastily been called to take the place of the doctor that was his father's friend and had, too, been called away, had told him so. He had not made any noise at all, or done anything to worry his mother, but — the strange doctor and the nurse did not know what he knew. Neither did Commander Mary, who could not read the papers now. Neither did any one, for they were strangers in this big new town.

What they did not know was that the United States destroyer which, the very night Bo Peep was born, had been torpedoed and sunk in mid-ocean, with very few survivors, was his father's ship. His father's name was not among those survivors.

Midshipman Easy, with that terrible weight in his stomach, sat upon the steps and thought about his father. . . . There were four boys just down the street playing marbles on the sidewalk. He wondered where their fathers were, in what service, and if they were big and jolly, and how often they came home. Shrill laughter floated on the summer breeze, and he stirred impatiently; if it were any louder he

would have to go and tell them how it was about his mother. . . . He remembered how he had come and helped his father pick out this house and how in his own little room overlooking the apple tree, his father had suddenly sat down on the window sill and drawn him close beside him and they had talked together.

“You’re going to learn to take my place, you know, son,” his father had said, “because I may be gone — a long time. And I want you to understand some things. Now, what’s the first rule of the sea?”

“Women and childurn first, sir,” he had answered.

“Right. And that means a lot, Easy, ashore as well as afloat. It’s not just allowing ’em the lifeboats — that’s not difficult; it’s always giving ’em the best of yourself and the best of what you’ve got; and standing by in trouble; and keeping things from ’em it’s best they shouldn’t know — and all that. More especially your mother and little sister, if you should have one. Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir,” he had said, with nautical brevity.

“And there’s something else,” his father went on. “When you grow up you’ll enter the Service, but I want you to realize that *you’re in it now*, all the time. By being the kind of boy we want you to be you serve the United States! Well, always serve her.

“Easy,” his father had then continued in a low, different, almost embarrassed voice, “if I should, maybe, be gone — a long time — I hope you won’t forget me! I should like to think you wouldn’t ever forget me, and that you’d grow up to be a fine man — an officer and a gentleman.”

He had snuggled closer under his father's arm.

"I'm going to," he told him.

"On honor?"

"On honor. And" — he had looked up shyly —
"*I'll remember.*"

Then his father did what he had not often done since Midshipman Easy was six. He took him in his arms and kissed him. . . .

He felt a lump swelling in his throat now at the thought, but swallowed it somehow. And then around the corner came an undersized youth in blue clothes, who stopped and exchanged sarcastic remarks with the boys playing marbles, and walked on down the street in a casual manner, turning in at the gate of the little red brick house where Midshipman Easy sat on the top step.

"Mrs. Eliphalet Z. Todd," remarked the messenger, glancing over his shoulder at the marble players.

"Yes," said Easy rising, "she's upstairs. I'll take it to her."

"Sign here," replied the undersized youth, with an even more bored look, and Easy signed with the stump of a pencil.

"Please don't make any noise with those boys," he said breathlessly; "my mother is sick."

"Oh, all right," agreed the messenger, and went on down the sunny street.

Midshipman Easy then opened the yellow envelope and read what the telegram said:

"The Navy Department regrets to report —"

The street began to behave queerly and the marble

players disappeared in a gray cloud in which were mixed whirling fences and trees and houses and things, so that he had to hold on to the top step. But after a long time everything settled back again and he knew where he was and who he was — a very small boy huddled there with icy hands and feet and burning eyes and flatirons on his heart. His face was all wet and his mouth tasted of salt, but he was not crying!

Then, after another time, when his legs were stronger, Midshipman Easy stood up. He felt as if he were talking to his father.

“Women and childurn first,” he said.

He had remembered Bo Peep and Commander Mary. . . .

That afternoon he took the telegram from the Navy Department down by the back fence. He had decided what to do. He could not tell Commander Mary — until she was all well and downstairs with the tiny Bo Peep — that his father would not come back around the Corner. And to make things doubly safe he would not tell anybody. If the doctor knew, or suspected anything from the papers he had said nothing about it, though Midshipman Easy thought that he looked at him strangely, and the Irish woman in the kitchen cried a good deal into her tea. The nurse had once patted him on the hair as she flew past him. But no one knew anything about the telegram, and no one should until his mother was well. He had decided what to do with it.

He took it down by the back fence, put it into his best pencil box — the metal one — and buried it,

stamping down the earth and carefully marking the spot.

For he knew now what it was that he could do for his father. He screwed his hands into his pockets at that name and held up his head. How proud he was of his father! How proud Bo Peep would be!

* * * * *

Four days later, days in which Midshipman Easy's unbeautiful face grew thin, and his freckles stood out, and his jaw shot forward with despairing grimness, he was allowed to go upstairs into the room he and his father had chosen for her, and to see his mother.

They let him go into the shaded room and stand by the bed where she lay with her auburn hair in two braids beside her white face. He kissed her between the eyes.

"Have you seen Bo Peep?" she asked.

"Yes, Mother."

"She's a darling. . . . Won't Father be glad?"

"Yes — Mother."

"Have we heard from him? I forget so. . . ."

"There — hasn't been time," said Midshipman Easy.

"Of course — I'm a little confused, dear."

And then she dropped asleep.

As the days passed and she grew no worse but stronger all the time, Easy knew that the time was coming when he would have to tell her. For he meant to tell her himself — his father would want it so. He saw her a little longer each day and always she spoke of his father happily.

“Oh, Easy, darling,” Commander Mary said to him one day when she was holding the baby, “I am glad she is a little girl, because she won’t ever have to go to sea. I shall keep her safe with me always. Do you think it’s time we heard from him?”

“Not yet, Mother,” he answered.

There came a day when the doctor told him she was out of danger.

“Any time up until now,” said the doctor strangely, half to himself and half to the little red-haired boy, “a shock would have killed her. She’s strong enough now — for anything.” They could hear her laughing with Bo Peep upstairs. “You don’t look overstrong yourself, son. Feeling all right?”

“If you please,” said Midshipman Easy, stiffly, “I’d rather you didn’t call me that. My father calls me that.” And he wondered why the doctor left so quickly. Standing on the steps he watched him rather slam things about as he started his automobile. He looked suddenly cross, Easy thought.

For a couple of days he said he would tell her tomorrow, and then came a morning when he knew it must be to-day. The flatiron had grown heavier and heavier lately. He was often sick at his stomach and sometimes dizzy, and he could not stop looking down the street for his father — though he knew he would never come — and that made his eyes ache. But in spite of everything, somewhere inside him he was happy. He had done something for his father, as well as for Commander Mary. Because he had kept his terrible secret wasn’t she getting well? He

had remembered the law of the sea, his father's law: women and children first. He had served the United States!

He was sitting on that same top step deciding. Again the sun shone warmly on the shady side street. Half a block away four boys — the same four, whose fathers, he had discovered, were not any of them in the Service! — were shooting marbles on the sidewalk. He got up finally and dragged his heavy feet out into the back yard to the fence. There he set to work digging until he unearthed his metal pencil box. Coming back through the side yard he heard, from his mother's open window above, soft murmurings like pigeons in a belfry. Bo Peep was talking to her mother and being answered. With a last despairing look down the street he entered the front door.

In the cool hall he sat down a minute on the bottom step of the stairs and shut his eyes. He wanted his father. . . . Once when he had been sick (he was a little boy *then*) and had felt bad like this, his father had held both his hands and said, "Steady, son." He could almost hear his voice saying it. Only now it was far away, something like a bell, in the evening. If he had not felt sick he would never have thought of what he did next — icily. He thought of the ocean as he had once seen it from the stern of a big ship — gray, and deep, and cold —

He opened his eyes and there in the doorway stood a boy, who had left his bicycle leaning against the front gate. He was looking curiously in at Midshipman Easy on the bottom step.

“Say, kid,” said the boy, “I got a tellygram fer yer ma, er somebody. Does Mrs. E. Z. Todd live here?”

“Yes,” he breathed from the stairs.

“Well — want me to bring it in, do yer? Sign here.”

But this time Midshipman Easy opened the envelope first.

“Steady, son,” the voice was saying — “Serve the United States!” He heard Bo Peep upstairs; he heard the boys playing down the street; he heard the whistle of the noon train and the clatter of his metal pencil box as it fell on to the bare floor of the hall. Everything sounded very loud, especially the tearing of the white envelope.

The paper inside the envelope was not a telegram, but a cable. . . . And it said, in little dancing letters:

“Safe and well. Love to Bo Peep, if she’s there, from Father. E. Z. TODD.”

He went running up the stairs, and into Commander Mary’s room, where she sat in a rocking chair holding the baby.

“Mother — Mother — *Mother!*” he sobbed, and flung himself into her arms.

She held him, too, like a baby, looking frightened.

“It’s not — oh, darling — it’s not —?”

The nurse snatched the cable and began to cry, too, strangely.

“He’s safe, he’s safe!” she exclaimed, and rushed from the room.

“Why, of course he’s safe, it says so,” said Com-

mander Mary. "Don't cry, darling, Mother's first baby. We never thought he wasn't safe! Why, what's the matter with my little son?"

Then the doctor came running in with an extra, and Commander Mary was told everything — though Easy would have preferred even then not to have her know about the terrible mistake, especially about the pencil box. The doctor had thought to tell her something quite different to-day! So the doctor had known all the time — from the papers!

Commander Mary sat in her chair with her hand in Midshipman Easy's and looked pale and proud, oh, so proud! It was just like Father, thought Midshipman Easy, to stay alive all the time, even when the Navy Department had given him up for lost, and to find a way somehow to get word to them, including Bo Peep.

When the doctor had gone and the nurse had taken the baby, Commander Mary put her arms around Midshipman Easy once more and laid his head on her shoulder.

"You're worthy of him," she said quietly. "You're just like him, Eliphalet."

"Oh, Gee, do you think I could be, Mother?" asked Easy, bobbing up his head. "If I remember the rule of the sea — and — and — to serve the United States?"

THE FULL MEASURE OF DEVOTION

(Abridged from MISS DANA GATLIN's lovely little story. By the gracious permission of the author and of the publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co.)

I

HE could not bear sitting on the porch any longer ; got up and went into the dining-room door. As he stood there the door from the kitchen was pushed open, and his wife brought in some things on a tray and placed them on the table.

"Supper late, mamma?"

"Just a few minutes, papa. Take your paper back to the porch. I'll call you."

Was there something strange in the way she uttered the words? — something in her tone, in her glance? Of course not. Why should there be? The strain was making him imagine things.

Stephen Morrow obediently returned to the porch, but by way of the sitting-room where he paused to straighten a framed photograph of his son — a stockily built youngster in padded football trousers and turtle-neck sweater, a big 'Varsity letter on his chest. Young Steve had gone to France, to fight with the Canadians. He had been gone more than a year, now.

II

The war broke out in Europe during the summer following Steve's first year at college. The day the

news came, Steve rushed into the sewing-room, where his mother was, excitedly waving the evening paper with the great black scarehead on the front page.

"Gosh!" he cried enthusiastically. "It's going to be a real row!"

"You mustn't talk that way, Steve," reproved his mother. "War's a terrible thing. I never was so glad before that we live in America."

"Wonder if we won't get mixed in, maybe?" suggested Steve.

"Stevie, don't talk that way," said his mother. But she wasn't really worried.

It was not until he came home for the Christmas holidays that the first bomb exploded.

"I've got something I want to ask you," he announced, the minute he sat down to dinner. "You may not see it at first, but when I put it all before you—"

Mrs. Morrow sent her husband a flickering smile, and settled herself to hear some foolish request.

"Well, what is it now, Steve?" asked his father.

"It isn't near as wild as it sounds off the bat," began Steve. "And such a chance will never come again. It would be a crime to pass up such a chance!"

"Suppose you inform us as to what this remarkable opportunity is," suggested his father.

Steve decided to risk all on one brief sentence.

"I want to go to France!"

Then he held his breath, looking from one parent to the other.

"To France!" ejaculated his mother. "What on earth do you want to go to France for?"

"I want to drive an ambulance."

"An ambulance?" exclaimed the mother, amazed.

"Yes. A lot of us fellows are organizing a college unit to work at the French front."

"The French front?" she repeated. "What have *you* got to do with the French front? This country hasn't got anything to do with things away over there. The President says so."

Steve flung out his hands with a hopeless gesture, and turning from her to his father, began explaining in a rush of words.

"It's all fixed so we can get straight to the front — right behind the big guns! Just think of living here on earth right during the war that'll go down as the greatest war in history and not *seeing* any of it! It'd be a *crime*! I've got to go — I *ought* to go! Don't you see, Pop?"

From Steve's glowing eyes, Mrs. Morrow's helpless ones turned to her husband. He was looking at the boy.

"I don't know that I do exactly see, Steve. Just what is it you want to do?"

"Why I was *telling* you! I want to drive an ambulance!"

"But why do you choose the French? Why not the Germans?"

"Oh, you know why, Pop! We all sympathize with the Allies. The American Ambulance is already started there — everything will be sliding on greased wheels for us. College men from all over the country are going. Can't you see what a big chance it is?"

"A chance for what?"

"For excitement! For a big time!"

"Yes; but if it's only excitement you want, you can get enough on the football field."

"And with more safety," put in Mrs. Morrow.

"Football!" exclaimed Steve. "Football's not one-two-three to a game like this!"

"Perhaps not," agreed his father, "but at the present time it's more in your line."

"Huh!" snorted Steve. "What about old Benjamin Morrow, who fought at Concord? — and your own father who never came back from the Civil War?"

"One thing about them both," replied his father drily; "Neither of them went to war because they thought war was a game."

"But, Pop —"

"Let's drop it, my boy. It's only upsetting your mother."

III

Then came May of 1915. The *Lusitania* was sunk on the 7th. On May 8th, a smiling morning, young Steve burst in on his family at breakfast, after a sleepless night on the train. But he was a strangely different Steve from the one who had gone back to college after Christmas, a little sulky over the way his boyish impulse to enlist as an ambulance driver in France had been met at home. Now his eyes were alight with a new kind of glow, and to their anxious inquiries, he answered with a strained calmness they had never heard in his voice:

"I don't suppose it's any good to ask — Pop's so dead set against it. But I want to go to France. Some of the fellows are going to enlist in Canada. They leave for the training-camp next week. We'll get in action a lot quicker even than the recruits in England. Won't you let me go, Pop? I'll be twenty in August."

"You see," he continued, "I didn't get it before. Of course I realized that the Belgian business and all the other things you read of are ghastly, but I didn't *get* it. Not until I read about the *Lusitania*. That's what *they* call war! That's the kind they are! They're not soldiers — not *men*, even! They're mad dogs! And they've got to be stopped. They've *got* to be! Good God! Don't you see, Pop?"

Steve's eyeballs were straining out as if in an agony to help expression. Mr. Morrow stretched out one hand to cover his son's and the other he reached to his wife.

She clutched it.

"Oh, papa! Tell him he *can't*! You *told* him he couldn't."

"But, Mom —" began the boy.

She interrupted him, arguing blindly:

"Any way, you're too young to know about such things. Only twenty years old!"

"Mom, do you know how old Lafayette was when he landed in this country to fight?"

"No."

"Not quite twenty years old!"

She changed her tack:

"Wait and see what the country does. Maybe we'll have to go into it."

"We ought to be in it — just as Roosevelt says!"

"We'll let the matter rest," said his father; "Your mother and I will want time to think it over. You'd better eat your breakfast."

* * * * *

Steve gulped when they told him their decision. Apparently he had not dared hope they would let him go. He sat down in a chair as if thoroughly exhausted. When he looked up at them there were tears in his eyes. Till then his mother hadn't known how great had been his suspense.

Finally he put to his father the question his mother had put the night before:

"How'd you come to let me go now, when you refused the other time?"

"I had no choice this time, my boy. Last winter you were planning a hooray-boys kind of lark. It wasn't worth the risk. But your mother and I feel that when your soul's in a thing, we haven't got the right to dictate. Don't we, mamma?"

Mrs. Morrow nodded her head.

IV

Steve's last day at home arrived. All day the house seemed overflowing with chattering young people who had run in to say good-by, making of his departure something of a festal occasion. But Mrs. Morrow, upstairs packing, felt that each thing she laid in his trunk or bag was a fragment of her heart.

After she had packed and repacked his bag, she went

into the kitchen to supervise his last supper at home. Every dish should be something Steve especially loved.

"Hooray! Beefsteak pie!" Steve rewarded her when he saw the golden-crust ed confection which only his mother knew how to make. "I certainly hate to think of having to go so long without any of your beefsteak pie, Mom."

"We'll have it again the first day you get home, Stevie," she promised, ladling an extra amount of the gravy on his portion.

After supper they had to hurry to catch the "seven-fifty," which was to carry Steve away. Both Mr. and Mrs. Morrow went to the station with him. On the way home Mr. Morrow said to her:

"You can cry now, if you want to, mamma."

V

Then letters began to come from Steve. They were just notes, penciled in Steve's big, angular scrawl. He was well; the inclosed snapshots — in uniform! — would prove that. They were not to worry. Of course the life wasn't soft, but they were to remember that he was a husky brute and could stand it. The men he was with were a fine, jolly lot. He was proud that, under those foreign flags, there were thirty thousand Americans working to keep human decency alive on the earth. And so long as there was a successful outcome to look forward to, a fellow couldn't help keeping cheerful.

Steve liked Tommy Atkins, he said in his letters.

He said he had learned to be proud of the English blood that, from way back, must be in his veins; he was proud of the bed-rock quality in it. Also he liked the French. He got but brief glimpses of them, but they were brave, sweet, cheerful people. The French civilians couldn't do enough for the soldiers. And what he learned of their hardships, of the sufferings of the children, was heartbreaking. He wished he might only lay hands on some of those old clothes and toys of his, packed away and doing nobody any good!

At that last letter Mrs. Morrow looked thoughtful.

"Maybe I do wrong in keeping Stevie's things," she said. "Maybe I should give them to some poor children where they'd be doing some good. He would like me to — he was always so tender-hearted. But I just can't bear to let them go. Do you think I should, papa?"

"You do just as you want to," he replied.

"I couldn't bear to give up his high-school baseball suit. I can see Stevie, now — he'd always come rushing in, red and perspiring, his hat over his shoulder, shouting for something to eat. Stevie was always hungry — I do wonder if he gets enough to eat over there."

"Of course he does, mamma. Stop worrying."

"Well, I know I'll feel better when I get him home where I can cook for him myself. Isn't it cute, the way he keeps reminding me of my promise about the beefsteak pie?"

"What'll you bet that you do forget it?" They laughed together at Mr. Morrow's little joke.

Not once, since that last meal with Steve, had they had beefsteak pie. Mrs. Morrow didn't explain the omission, and her husband never asked the reason. He didn't need to; he understood that that favorite dish was being withheld, for their boy's return.

VI

Their boy's return! It was of this, of the long months they had waited, and planned and talked of it, that Mr. Morrow was thinking, in the August twilight, as he paced the porch waiting to be called to supper. This was what he had been thinking of for six long days, for six endless nights.

Hideous days and nights, he hiding the grief which had all but killed him, till he should find some way to tell her which would not kill her outright. Six days, going to work just as if there was anything to work for: six days, returning to eat — to eat! She would suspect something if he did not eat. And she mustn't suspect till he had found the way to let her know. For, if the news had done this to him, what would it do to her?

The day after he received the cable, a letter had come to them from Steve. The usual scrawl, penciled there by Steve's big, muscular fist — his live fist. The penciled words fascinated him horribly; to think those marks could survive and talk after the hand that wrote them, the brain that directed them, were gone! Yet he contrived, somehow, to read the letter with Steve's mother, just as they always read his letters.

The next morning, when he came home, he found his wife up in Steve's room.

"What in the world are you doing, mamma?"

"Just sorting out some of Stevie's things."

"What for?"

"I've been thinking over Stevie's letter about the little French children — Stevie always was so tender-hearted. These little-boy suits might fit some of those poor young ones out in Stringtown. See, papa! Here's his first pair of long pants — remember?"

Mr. Morrow crossed over and pressed the hand displaying the cherished trousers.

"You're as good a soldier as Stevie, mamma," he said.

She smiled at him then — an odd little bright smile.

Then she pointed out the piles of shoes, shirts, ties, and underwear, lying on the little white iron bed. Chairs were loaded with his favorite books and with dog-eared textbooks, and the mechanical magazines which boys pore over. There was the steam-engine and the magic lantern, a tool-box, a battered kodak; and a mountain of football and baseball gear.

"Those baseball and football things will make some boy happy, I guess," said Mrs. Morrow. "But I'll keep some little things — maybe the baseball cap and belt."

"Yes," Mr. Morrow managed to say.

"I always think of Stevie all dressed up in some kind of rig," she went on. "Anything like a uniform. I never knew a boy to love it so much, way back to his first 'real' sailor suit — remember, papa?"

He nodded.

"I'll bet the day he got his soldier uniform he strutted like a turkey-cock. Don't you?"

"Expect so."

"I'm glad he's sent us so many snapshots — I feel as if I'd actually seen him in uniform; I wanted to so much."

"I left my pipe downstairs," said Mr. Morrow, and hastily left the room.

VII

Mr. Morrow paced up and down the porch in the deepening gloom. Inside he could hear her putting dishes on the table. Presently she would be calling him, and he must go and face her under the revealing gaslight.

Soon, from the dining-room door, he heard his wife's voice, the summons he had been dreading.

"Supper's ready, papa."

He got ready a smile for his lips, and went in. She had a smile waiting to meet his. The strong light blinded him at first. He had pushed her chair into place and taken his own seat before he noticed the contents of the big platter before his plate.

"Why — mamma!" he stammered. "Beefsteak pie?"

For, before him, steamed the crusty brown dish that young Steve had liked best, the one he had named for his first meal at home.

"Why — mamma!" he repeated thickly, not lifting his eyes. "I thought —"

Then he felt her soft hand upon his head; she had noiselessly crept round to him.

"Papa," she said, "Stevie will never come home." Suddenly he lifted his head.

"Mamma — you know!"

She nodded, dropping to her knees beside him. For minutes they held each other close, not speaking.

Finally he asked:

"How long have you known?"

"Six days."

He started. "How —? — why didn't you tell me before?"

"I've been praying for the courage, papa. I was afraid it would kill you."

"But surely you knew I knew!"

"Did you?"

"Six days."

They stared at each other.

"I went to the store that afternoon," she explained. "You were out. I saw the cablegram on your desk. I thought of Stevie first thing. So I opened it — oh, papa!"

She bowed her head, and he laid his cheek against her pretty soft hair.

"I carried it home with me," she went on. "I didn't want you to learn that way — so hard."

"They'd already 'phoned it from the telegraph office," he told her. "I was out walking, trying to get a grip on things." Presently he said:

"We may never know where his grave is."

"All France is his grave," she answered proudly.

“More than that — every free country, every country where liberty and justice and idealism are cherished, will be Stevie’s grave, forever.”

He gazed at her, thrilled. His pride in her, his wonder at her, for the moment rose above all other feelings.

“Mother,” he said, “You’re like Steve — through and through.”

“Stevie was right,” she said softly, “just the way those young Frenchmen were right who came over here with Lafayette. They were fighting for the same things Stevie fought for. A hundred and forty years ago there were mothers in France who lost sons over here. There come times in the world, I guess, when fathers and mothers just have to go through these things. Stevie has helped pay back the debt to those young Frenchmen who never went home; and you and I are paying back the debt to those French fathers and mothers who grieved a hundred and forty years ago.”

Tears came into Mr. Morrow’s eyes. They were the first tears that had been shed.

A PATRIOTIC CREED

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

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To serve my country day by day
At any humble post I may ;
To honor and respect her Flag,
To live the traits of which I brag ;
To be American in deed
As well as in my printed creed.

To stand for truth and honest toil,
To till my little patch of soil,
And keep in mind the debt I owe
To them who died that I might know
My country prosperous and free,
And passed this heritage to me.

I must always in trouble's hour
Be guided by the men in power ;
For God and country I must live,
My best for God and country give ;
No act of mine that men may scan
Must shame the name American.

To do my best and play my part,
American in mind and heart ;

To serve the flag and bravely stand
To guard the glory of my land ;
To be American in deed,
God grant me strength to keep this creed.

WHAT can one say when one's only son, in whom one's dreams and hopes and life are bound up, has gone to France, to stay, perhaps a year, perhaps three years, perhaps forever, but who is over there to see that at any cost that flag is kept flying? What can one say?

One can say this — what one million other fathers to-night are saying — that it is the one pride and glory of my life that at least if my own strength and life are of no value to my country in her fighting line, I can give a son, and a son, too, who needed no word from me to give himself.

Hopes and ambitions ! Why, I never dreamed anything so sublime. I never imagined a destiny for my son so great as that which he has reached. He is wearing the uniform of an American soldier, he is interposing his arm and his breast between his country and his country's enemies. Nay ! He's clad in the livery of heaven. He's fighting for God !

— *From an address on "The Fathers of Our Soldiers"*
by JOHN E. HANNIGAN.

UNTO EACH HIS CROWN

BY NORMA PATTERSON

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Abridged.)

FOR a long time after he opened his eyes he lay quite still looking at the wall, which was where his glance happened to hit. A luxury of comfort possessed his body and mind — a light, serene, smoothly running happiness, which was like spinning evenly through cool, green waters, after weeks of kicking and strangling and puffing in learning to swim. So for a time that might have been short and might have been long, he lay without moving, his mind going neither backward nor forward, but resting contentedly on the strangely happy present.

Gray light crept in through the little window above his cot. The slender, far-reaching notes of a bugle called to the coming day.

His body did not move, but his spirit stood upright at the summons. The sound had jerked open the door of memory.

His regiment? Would he be able to go back — and fight with the boys? It had been hard, having to leave them when he did. They were out of the trenches and charging. It was just at the apex of the attack — the moment for which his whole life seemed to have

been lived. All the training, all the hardship, all the parting with loved ones, all the long, tedious life in the trenches — had led to this one supreme moment. And then, just as they plunged forward into the shout and ring of victory, something had happened. He was not sure at first what, except that it halted him, spun him round, and he felt himself sinking down — *downward* — and the others charging on — leaving him here. He was going to miss it! He would not be in at the victory! Later, when they told of it around the camp at night, he would have no part in the telling.

He saw Trav Barnes look back, and he saw the expression that came on Trav's face. An expression that could not be put into words or even imagined unless one had seen it. Trav stopped abruptly, but he had waved Trav on, and Trav had gone — running forward, as if he were running away from looking back. And the tramp of the feet had grown fainter . . . and the sound of the shouting fainter . . . and the boom of the battle fainter. . . .

Yes, he must be getting back to the regiment. He could not be wounded so badly — he was blissfully free from pain.

He turned his head slowly. The candle had burned down to a feeble flame. In the light from the window he made out the nurse and the doctor, talking together. He was a bit afraid of what they would tell him, and so he hesitated to put his question. Then he got in behind his courage and gave it a great boost.

“Will I be able to rejoin the regiment — soon?”

The doctor and the nurse turned and gazed at him.

The doctor moved forward and sat down on the bed. He had thought at first that it was an army surgeon, but he saw now it was the Old Doctor from his home town.

“Yes,” nodded the Old Doctor, “soon — you will be joining your regiment.”

And then all at once he saw all his loved ones whom he had left far across the ocean move quietly into the span of light about his bed and stand smiling down at him. He counted heads carefully twice and found that not one was missing.

There were his father and mother, their arms about each other; and Becky, his schoolgirl sister, fresh from the world of basketball and laughter; there was John, his older brother, who had had to stay behind. He recalled how John had shadowed him during that last month at home; how John had inspected his kit, and his rifle, and every part of the khaki uniform, and had said, a little bitterly, as he grasped his hand at the last, “It’s the great adventure, kid. Lord, how I envy you.”

It must be some special occasion to bring them here. He wondered what.

He remembered the same little group standing on the platform to bid him good-by when he went to college. They were grieved at the parting, but they were proud. They had smiled and smiled through their tears. He had worn a new suit that day, and his mother had slipped some cookies in his new pocket. He was half ashamed of her doing it, as if he were still a kid and liked cookies. But later in the train, behind a newspaper, how good the cookies had tasted!

And when he sailed for France the same group had gathered again to see him off. They had stood in the sweltering sun all one morning just for a chance to wave as the big boat slipped down the harbor. They had smiled and smiled through their tears. They were here now, smiling at him through their tears, and — he had the vague feeling — seeing him off somewhere. There was grief on their faces — but they were proud! It was fine of them to come.

The gray mist of morning closed in about him like a cloud, and it seemed to be carrying him along with it. . . . He lost the touch of the Old Doctor's hand — and with it the heaviness of his body — of his mind. And he perceived now that he was standing on a hill in the first strange light of a new day.

Behind him, out of the foggy distance, he caught the thin, wavering outline of a bugle call . . . and the shadowy tramp, tramp, tramp of feet. . . . He looked back, and saw them coming. A vast moving army marching toward him, coming along with him.

They were a strange company — a little torn, thoroughly ragged. Many of them were just boys like himself. Caps and coats were missing, and — they carried no weapons! And as much as they had loved and honored the uniforms they wore he saw that the uniform no longer mattered.

On they came. The music grew louder, the tramping heavy. Here and there were friends — boys from his home town. Why, there was Trav! With a shout he stumbled forward, the friends grasped hands, and he swung into step.

There was a lightness about the marching of this radiant army that had nothing to do with feet or bodies, but seemed to come from what they saw forward. Their heads were thrown back, their faces shone. As he looked into the faces of these he saw what that shining look was. They understood! For them, the veil was lifted — *and they saw peace!*

They had passed up through the Gate of Sacrifice — into immortality. They had laid down their lives for love of country, and the reward was peace for the world.

Then, this was the victory. And he was in! *He was in at the victory!*



